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THE TOUR OF THE 400

GRACE OWEN BROWN

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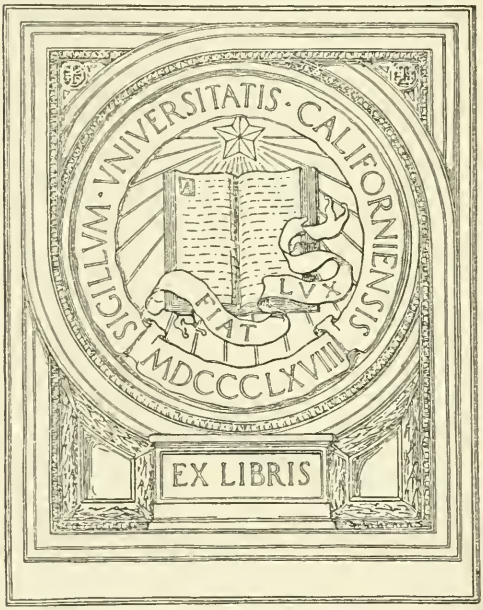
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



ROBERT ERNEST COWAN

Compliments

Grace Owen Blount.

Press of
Hartzell, Lord Co.
190 La Salle Street, Chicago

The Tour of The *400*

To Mexico

By

GRACE OWEN BROWN

MCMVII

To

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Douglass Brigham

F
1916
B81

INTRODUCTION

"In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend."
—Pope.

To begin with, *The Tour of the 400* was a holiday and not a sight-seeing trip, therefore let it not be regarded as "the writer's end" to attempt to compass anything in the nature of a description of Mexico. The writer's inevitable "end" would be a foregone conclusion were such her intention. Instead this little work is written merely as a souvenir of their journey for the "400," and for the possible entertainment of their friends.

The foundation of the "work" was a diary hastily written en route in a system of shorthand all my own, so nearly undecipherable as to pass for Toltecan hieroglyphics. In my translation therefrom I have formulated ideas suggested in the original journal and have filled out in sentences historical or other facts which were briefly noted, retaining as "local color" many trivial incidents not in themselves worth remembering, in the hope that they might suggest the environments in which they occurred.

When I asked permission to print real names, one of the "400" made the Byronic remark:

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print,"

refraining politely from adding

"A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't."

COWAN LIBRARY, 1936

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THE TOUR OF THE *400*

"Call it travel,
that thou takest for pleasure."
—Shakspere.

TRAIN No. 3,
C. & N.-W. Ry.
February 9, 1906. Midnight.

"'TIS the very witching hour" when even church-yards yawn." I am as yawny as a church-yard, too, which is certainly not promising for the commencement of a story. But being a very systematic person, as all my friends agree, I like to begin always at the beginning; therefore my tales of a traveler shall start to-night, even at the risk of their being as stupid reading as a cash record or cook-book—either of which this new "manderandum" book (quoting my youngest) may have just missed being. Come to think of it, my account books do contain accounts of doings that resemble "Frenzied Finance," and I often describe stirring incidents in my cook-book—but to-night my muse is too sleepy to be amusing, so only a few introductory facts shall be chronicled.

In the first place, we (and who "we" means will be continued in our next, that we may be equal to the subject) are off for Mexico—eight of us, all by ourselves in a private car. At this moment all my lovely companions are faded and gone, being snugly stowed away till morning, each in his small corner as I'm in

mine, mine being section 2—a cozy little unit in a sort of Wernicke system of boudoir, where in my present occupation I remind myself of the aspiring poets who "painful vigils keep, sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep."

But whatever may be said of the beginning of the journal, the journey has begun well. The day has been very wintry, which is just the proper condition to leave for the balmy south, for when one is going to a warm climate in the middle of winter one likes to realize the contrast. Then it is always pleasant to have one's departure regarded as of some moment, and ours was all that heart could desire. Arriving at the station, we found a delegation of leading citizens of Glencoe assembled to see us off—in tears? Let us hope the same "vast substantial smile" will welcome us home!

But who could feel sad on such a night?—a full moon smiled down on a white earth spread over with a thick frosting, as if it were a great cake all lighted up with birthday candles—the air was keen with frost—the crisp snow crunched merrily under foot! Indeed, it must be confessed that it was a lively party that boarded the 9:09 train for Chicago—for a retinue escorted us to the city to attend upon our going.

The "limited" was backed up on track 5, with our car at the rear end—just a modest yellow car, but with its windows radiating welcome and its lanterns flashing green and red, it looked as attractive to our fond imaginations as a golden chariot bejewelled with emeralds and rubies.

After having carefully inspected our quarters (with thoughtful concern for our welfare) the retinue, with

well-concealed emotion, bade us a lingering farewell.

For a few moments everybody was quiet—thinking possibly of the chances we were taking of not remaining the same jolly good friends after a month of the close association of travel.

But the serious mood soon passed and when the hands of the old familiar clock pointed to eleven, and we felt the train gliding out of the station, such a chorus of exclamations, such joy unconfined, must have made the two colored men, who live in a private car and travel all the time, think we were a lot of way-backs leaving our native cross-roads for the first time. But it seemed too good to be true that we did all get away, there had been so much doubt about some of the party.

Our belongings disposed of, there were boxes of flowers to be cared for and admired, and the cosy little sitting room in the end of the car was a thing of beauty and a picture of comfort when we were finally established. But the most inviting part of it after all was the section section, for we were all very tired after the strenuous day of packing and preparations.

So Oliver made up the berths as soon as the lights of the city had disappeared. The two young ladies retired to the state-room, then there was a section apiece for four, with one left to be "made up double." At first it looked as if we should have to search the train for some lady from Philadelphia to decide which set of partners should double—it was suggested that the double section might be appropriated to the use of whichever couple needed a Caudle treatment, but as nobody would plead guilty of conjugal infelicity, our eminent counsel advised that we take turns, thus avoiding all hard feeling. Judgment was confirmed

and our host settled the matter of precedence by claiming the upper one-half of section five as his rightful property—a sort of berth right, as it were. It hardly seemed proper to put our host on the shelf like that, but what could we do? Dar'st we then to beard the Douglass in his own car? It is the only time anyone ever saw him selfish, so we gave him his own way in sheer surprise.

Everybody seems to be asleep—to judge from sundry and divers toots that most certainly do not emanate from the big locomotive. It is high time for me, too, so I will turn out the little electric light at my head, button the drapery of my section together, and sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust in the C. & N. W., lie down to pleasant dreams.

En route. Iowa.
February 10.

"Hello, folks! you ought to see such a morning!" This from the healthy-wealthy-and-wise member of the family (who proves the "early to rise" part of the proverb) brought us from dreamland to behold with surprise the hangings of a sleeping-car berth—for no sound or motion had interfered with tired nature's sweet restorer. The misty visions of the night seemed to have taken material form as the lifting of the little window shade revealed a world no less ethereal than that from which we had been recalled, as it appeared through sunlit masses of vapor from the engine, enveloping the train in a beautiful halo.

When the mists were rolled away the celestial world proved to be the same old terrestrial ball—a cold world, too. We were crossing *la belle plaine* of

Iowa, having come as far as Belle Plaine on one of those remarkable bee-lines found on railroad maps, marking the route from Chicago to Omaha—a round-about route to Mexico, to be sure, but we are making a detour westward in order to combine business with pleasure—and business is Denver-ward.

Emerging one by one from behind the scenes, everybody finally appeared, more or less finished as to make-up, but all in their right minds and as fresh as—well, as ever, and ready to take his or her part in the day's performance. And let me say that when this brilliant constellation of stars begins to perform its shines, there is likely to be plenty of material for a comedy as full of situations as—oh, say a want-ad column.

But before we proceed with the play, the players in our little company must be "traduced," as the little boy said. I may be challenging libel suits—but I'll be careful. I'll apologize beforehand, and if anyone feels like protesting "O Sammy, Sammy, vy worn't there a alleybi?" I'll furnish one "nicely engraved, suitable for framing" upon application—hereby declaring this name to be fictitious, etc.

In view of any such future complications, perhaps it will be well to hereby declare, as a preliminary statement, that the caste of the characters of the "400" is of general excellence, even though that goes without saying. Theatrically speaking, our troupe consists of an All-Star cast, which I shall attempt to draw up in proper form.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

INTRODUCING:

Mr. Edmund Douglass Brigham.....Mine Host of the 400

(By courtesy of the C. & N.-W. Ry. Company.)

Generally known as the General Freight Agent of *The Pioneer Line.*

——— *Describe him who can,*
An abridgment of all that is pleasant in man.
——— *Whose heart is a mint.*
Though the owner ne'er knows half the good that is in't.

Mrs. Brigham, as..... .The Leading Lady

(Of the Ideal Stock Company.)

In pleasant paths she leadeth,
This dainty little Edith.

Mr. Benjamin Newhall, *alias* Ozark (his *non de* baggage) as Jonathan Spitzenburgh, *alias* Ben Davis..A Northern Spy

(Of the F. Newhall & Sons Company.)

By their fruits ye shall know them.

Mrs. Newhall, in her original character..... .....
.....Flora, Goddess of Gardens and Orchards

The apple of his eye, though he found her "where they say only peaches grow."

(Of the Seek-No-Further Variety.)

Mr. Paul Brown.....A Limb o' the Law

....."*as has got brains like the frogs, dispersed all over his body and reachin' to the wery tips of his fingers.*"

(Of the Horton & Brown Association.)

Mrs. Brown, personifying .....An Abundance of Grace

O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To be oursel's as we'd have ithers see us.

(Kind permission *Buena Fortuna.*)

Fanny Brigham.....A Rosebud

Marion Wilmeroth.....A Sunbeam

(First appearance in stellar rôle.)

These are the actors. The sequence of scenes will doubtless occur as set forth in the itinerary which our business manager has arranged. As for the synopsis of the plot, we forgot to bring a villain, so there ain't goin' to be no plot.

Among our properties may be mentioned a talking machine, which we can wind up when our own are run down—with musical numbers rendered by Sem-

brich, Eames, Plançon or Caruso, we shall have opera whenever we do so. These "red seal" stars are for the nonce illuminating a vaudeville stage, for they appear as headliners on a variety bill. On our first program the curtain raiser was a "freak-voice" burlesque who announced herself as The Only Star that Twinkles on Broadway—"all the other stars are only *shines,*" did she say? We'll see about that!

And last but not least comes the kinodrome, unrolling a series of moving pictures past the windows of this moving playhouse. During intermissions we can forget our own part in the performance while we idly sit and let the world go by.

What a comfortable feeling it is, to look forward to a long journey with nothing to do but take the gifts the gods provide and look pleasant. No changing of cars to make, no thought of weather, no worry about uncertain reservations, above all no missing of trains! While conspicuously missing will be the selfish creatures who, as a porter once said, "done gits in de dressin' room an' jis dies"—the selfish creatures who sit and eat and eat and eat while you stand in line and starve by inches at the very door of the diner—the selfish creatures who claim perpetual squatter's rights on the observation platform—to say nothing of the woman with the self-winding eight-day voice, the man with the *coup de pied,* the cranky porter, the interesting little family of five in the next section, the poor little tortured infant protesting the horrors of travel in squacking wrath—dear me, and I've always loved to travel, too!

I'm humming inwardly "If you ain't born lucky, don't get born at all"—if you aren't born great, it doesn't matter so much; you may have greatness thrust

upon you, if you are born lucky—even the greatness of belonging to the "400."

There may be a flavor of sour grapes in the statement, but heretofore it has never seemed to me a cause of great sorrow *not* to belong to the "400." Why? *Noblesse oblige*—to my way of thinking the top rung of the ladder, while having some advantages, seemed anything but a desirable position, conspicuous and so unsteady one would have to hold on with his very toes, like a hen on a high roost. I suppose they get used to it, as the hen does, but it seemed to me it must be a terrible strain.

But a change came o'er the spirit of my views when we were invited to go to Mexico and it was remarked that if we decided to go the *400* would be prepared to make the trip enjoyable. If to be numbered with the elect we need only travel, certainly we would elect to be numbered, even as the lowly convict or the equally vicious automobile. And while the magic number is in our case only the number of the car, for the time being we belong to the *400* and are as comfortably seated in the lap of luxury as the real top-rungers, any day.

U. P. Ry., Nebraska.

To resume the travelogue, there has been nothing very striking in scenery to-day. As far as Omaha the country was all familiar—Marshalltown, Missouri Valley—that place hasn't changed a bit (though it has doubtless changed many a passenger) since we changed there the last time we went to Deadwood. It looks just as dismal.

The stock farms out here remind me of a snatch of conversation I overheard on a former trip.

Lady from Boston: "My, what lots of cattle! I've never seen a ranch before. My brother has been on one, though."

Stranger: "That so? Where was it?"

She: "Near Sycamore, Illinois."

We crossed the Missouri at Council Bluffs and arrived at Omaha at 5:30. Here everybody expected a telegraph messenger to be "layin' for us" with a wire for somebody to come back, but no dreaded summons was served. The train was switched to the Union Pacific tracks and we proceeded upon the even tenor of our way. "At this writing" we are somewhere west of Columbus, the last daylight stop.

Our acquaintance with the *400* improves with intimacy. New and surprising features have been developing all day. We have even inspected the little closet they call by courtesy the kitchen—a mere cubby-hole off the passageway into the dining room—a little cell just big enough for the range, the cook and the dish pan. It seems to be really a sort of a magician's booth, where a juggler we call Frank conjures up "culinary triumphs" by some mysterious sleight of hand, for there is nothing around to suggest a meal, past, present or future. I might add that the meals are equally "out of sight" when they are served. Visions of my kitchen during the preparation of a dinner rise before me. Shades of departed cooks!

It is really a puzzle where the provisions and the apparently unlimited supply of pots and pans, china and silver and linen are kept, but I give it up. They are supposedly stowed away somewhere, but it is my opinion that the garden, market, grocery, dairy or ice-house just appear when the white-capped Aladdin calls up the genie of the lamp. Wish I knew his number.

We've been having a concert all the evening. A dreamy flute-and-viola duet is "on" just now—"Titl's Serenade." And I came near writing it "Tilt's," having had a lively tilt with somebody (he of the various aliases), *in re* the pronunciation of said name.

Denver.
Sunday, February 11.

When we took our bearings this morning, we were traveling due south and were, according to a signboard on the station at Brighton, nineteen miles from Denver. To my surprise, instead of the heaps and heaps of mountains shown on the map of Colorado, there was the same flat country. Yet it was a war-whoop about mountains from our watchful scout that had caused the uprising of the tribe. Everybody was gazing at the beautiful rosy sky and the purple clouds on the eastern horizon when I joined them. "Mountains?" I asked. "Where?" Someone said, "Don't you see the humps?" And indeed I lifted up my eyes and behold, the low-hanging clouds were far-off mountains. The red glow was a reflection of Mr. Brown's red tie—at least the glow disappeared with the tie. A general demurrer disposed of the dazzling cravat.

Our men all have a "begone-dull-care" spirit that the begone-dull-color attitude of Mr. Brown quite beautifully expressed. They seem to be all ears to the "call of the wild," agreeing that the deep sense of unlimited expansion, the vast prairies, the breadth of sky, the floods of sunshine, the free out-of-door life of the West, make the ordinary affairs of life seem but trivial and useless. Perhaps it's the rest, as well as the West.

But I'm afraid if they were obliged to live in one of these lonely little towns that struggle along the railroad, they would long for old bustling Chicago. There is nothing on which to base a choice of building sites in these little townlets, so they just shake the little houses out of a dice box and leave them wherever they settle. Beside each little dwelling a stack of alfalfa, vividly green amid its dull surroundings, decorates the landscape like an emerald rosette on the breast of a brown-corduroy Paddy on St. Patrick's day. At every door a gaunt-looking well-sweep proclaims the iron-bound bucket, the only homey suggestion in the picture. These awkward, triangular sweeps are as conspicuous in all directions as the windmills in Holland, without being as picturesque.

Car *400* having been duly side-tracked in the yards in Denver, we of the *400,* having already donned our Sunday clothes, started up-town at once to see the hospitable city wherein the first thing a stranger sees is "Welcome" on a big iron gateway, as a sort of doormat greeting. Almost as soon, we noticed a bulging of the eyes—altitude or the intense sunlight? A Peterkin discussion failed to settle the question.

Mr. and Mrs. Newhall left us, to visit some friends. The rest of the party, and in addition Mr. James, of Denver *pro tem.,* and Edmund Brigham Jr., who is a student at the Colorado School of Mines at Golden, dined at a palace whose name I am trying to forget, for fear it is a poor relation. After this repast, about which the least said the better, we found two automobiles waiting at the door and after the chauffeurs had sized us up we were carefully assorted and packed, leaving an inch or two of seat for the Newhalls, for whom we called. Then after more exact calculations

the party was rearranged to include them and taken for a "rubber-neck" trip "seeing Denver."

There was the City Park and its buffalo herd, Capitol Hill and the Capitol, whose corner-stone is just one mile above sea level; the distant Rockies; the Mint, and other public buildings and many fine residences to be seen, and we were glad we had not exhausted our enthusiasm on dinner, for we had good use for it. Denver is a beautiful city and has much to boast of besides her "304 sunny days in the year."

Our guests accompanied us back to the car for tea, some other friends have called and we are glad to spend the night in our own comfortable "palace" rather than stay up-town.

The Antlers, Colorado Springs.
February 12-13 (betwixt and between).

Our two busy B's, leaving their honey B's, went buzzing around Denver all day improving the shining hours stirring up drones—or maybe hornets' nests. Question: Was anyone stung?

Mr. N., having no business to mind, was appointed Squire of Dames (by the dames) and gallantly undertook the task of amusing us, but no sooner had we left the soda-fountain than we saw the prettiest little "parlor" that ever you did spy, and in we walked like the foolish fly, leaving our squire accompanied only by noble thoughts. But really we did feel as the mosquito did about its victim, that we were boring him terribly; so it was best to leave him thus—best for him and best for us, for he enjoyed a siesta in Mr. James' suite in the Palace, while we enjoyed a sip at the fountain of youth. Talk about nature wonders—three Aphrodites fluttered out where three fuzzy-looking

creatures had gone in. How doth the little busy vibrator improve the shining face!

To drop this entomological phraseology and speak in the language of the wild and woolly West, the bunch rounded up at feedin' time and you shore would a-thought them men was just plumb locoed when they saw us wimmen-folks a-comin' along the trail, with our blow-away hair an' so peachy complected an' all—I 'low we made a hit, shore 'nuf.

I devoured a Victor catalogue while the others minced some other matters equally as satisfying to hunger (Frank has us spoiled, you see), and then the party separated again, Mr. and Mrs. Brigham going out to Golden. Fanny and Marion did some very mysterious shopping, Mrs. Newhall and I attended a rehearsal of brass bands and operatic tenors, and the men disappeared.

Mr. Brigham Jr., dined with us in the car, and later Mr. James came, to go on with the men to Hartzel. A platform promenade, moony and spoony, is the last I remember of Denver; and we left that interesting city at 9:30.

Mr. James, who is a brilliant story-teller, kept the party highly entertained during the evening and we reached Colorado Springs at 12:30. Here we ladies have stopped in search of adventures, while the men go on to seek their fortunes in the Colorado Eldorado.

Our adventures have proved neither thrilling nor romantic so far. Finding ourselves alone and unprotected on a darksome night in a strange place, we naturally expected somebody to rob us or kidnap us or frighten us or fall in love with us, but nobody did. Instead, our arrival having been wired ahead, the hotel 'bus was waiting for us, and as soon as Mrs. Brigham

could register we were shown to four rooms, joined by baths—and methinks I'm the last one up.

The Antlers.
February 13.

The windows of "178" overlook a park and beyond it the Rockies, with Pike's Peak just distinguishable in the morning mists. It was a fine view upon which I rolled my curtain, and, failing our Morning Call, I must be the one to wake the family up to admire it.

For a "lone, lorn" lot of females we have managed to spend our day alone in Colorado Springs very pleasantly, though to be sure we spent it elsewhere—to be a little Irish. All the warm wraps were brought out from the trunks and after bundling up as if for an expedition to the North Pole we climbed into a three-seated surrey and started off for a twenty-five-mile drive.

And the first discovery was a pole as remarkable as the long-sought Arctic affair—it was 14,147 feet high—exactly the height of Pike's Peak. I finally managed to get a picture of Pike's without the unpicturesque and intrusive telephone line, and then we drove to Manitou and from there on took the "Temple Drive" road through Williams Cañon.

This is a great deep crack in the earth's crust, and the road follows the bottom of the gorge between towering walls of a beautiful yellow-brown rock. Great threatening tons of it, half detached from the ragged cliffs four or five hundred feet above, hang seemingly just ready to come crashing down. One place, called "The Narrows," is a fissure barely wide enough for a passage, which seemed to have just

split open, so perfectly would the opposite sides fit together if it should close again. It gave me the feeling of being a nut in a nut-cracker—but grand! It just made you want to expand and shout and be something *big!*

After a mile of this wild grandeur we climbed a narrow road that has been blasted out of the rock, overlooking deep chasms, where one grows dizzy to look, with the wheels so perilously near the edge, finally reaching a high point where the mountain opens its mouth wide to inhale the ozone. Here we alighted and were urgently invited to enter the Cave of the Winds—only a dollar, including guide. I was so charmed with the scenery that I felt that underground explorations would be a waste of time—besides I remembered the Mammoth Cave and its after effects. Anyway, there was a grouchy expression about the mouth of this cave that was forbidding, and since Mrs. Brigham felt the same lack of inclination for subterranean research, we enjoyed the views while Mrs. Newhall and the girls followed the guide on "an elfin ramble," as the advertising leaflet put it.

An ornery-looking old fossil was that elfin guide, but he was in fact a geological library incog. And there seemed to be something in the atmosphere of that cave that crystallized his words as they fell from his lips, like those of the good little girl who uttered diamonds and rubies, for those ladies had gathered up so many gems of wisdom that they fairly sparkled when they came out. They had brought a handful of petrified fingers that grow upon the walls as thick as quills upon the fretful porcupine. These fingers were already amputated—there being a stringent law which forbids even "accidents."

But whatever may have been the phenomenal beauties of stalactite and stalgamite, "flowering alabaster" and bridal chamber, the views from "Observation Point" were compensation. Mountains stretched away in every direction, rolling in huge billows till they were lost in the distance—a dreamy ocean of soft colors all washed together into purple as they blended into the blue sky. Down below great rocks lay in masses, and like a path up the hillsides came the winding road by which we had ascended, lost now and then amongst the clumps of evergreens or behind a point of rock.

We followed the same road back to Manitou, then after a cup of tea "to warm us up" we drove in another direction to the famous Garden of the Gods.

And here Nature steps from the sublime to the ridiculous, revealing in her "visible forms" an eccentricity that is as surprising as her nobler phases are inspiring. Standing up on end and rising out of a soft soil are curious rock formations that resemble all sorts of familiar objects—Siamese Twins, Punch and Judy, a Major Domo, the great Balanced Rock. A patch of great stone mushrooms is in this strange garden, and there are all sorts of distorted animals. Most of these formations are of a red stone which when reproduced on post cards seems much too bright. Others are of a gray stone—they occur hit or miss, red or gray, just as they happened to be upheaved when Mother Earth, being "took with fits," was in the throes of a terrible convulsion. It is certainly a "geological miracle," even to an ignoramus like me.

Around the top of one of these oddly shaped rocks an enterprising photographer has built a railing, thus producing a steamboat, and during the season he sells

excursion rates to people who like to show their friends how they look compared to other natural wonders. I can't say anything—I've sat! One freak of nature makes the whole world kin. My first and last sitting was on the back of an Arkansas burro—the ugliest in Happy Hollow. But I *can* say this for myself, that the photograph was taken under duress, both on my part and on that of the equally stubborn and rebellious party of the second part.

There are great temples in this realm of the gods and some of the masses of rocks look like old ruined cathedrals. Others form giant gates, and through these we made our exit from the garden and found ourselves on an open road, a sharp wind blowing and snow flying. We bundled up tight, bowed our heads to the biting sand that flew up from the wheels and were glad to finish the trip with all possible speed.

Those three men of ours looked pretty good to us when they came to-night—and we looked pretty nice, too, all in our best bibs and tuckers. We spent the evening around the big fireplace in the lobby, exchanging experiences. The men had a rough trip over an indescribably tortuous railroad, a long, cold drive across country after it, for which Mr. James furnished (intentionally or otherwise) leggings, mufflers, caps and mittens, he meanwhile keeping warm on enthusiasm. They lost their way and all sorts of mishaps befell them, repeated on the return trip—the car fairly turned somersaults. To hear about it, we wondered that it was not reduced to kindling and our liege lords to saints and martyrs. As to the "prospects" in

South Park, the conversation fell on uncomprehending ears, in my case. But I should epitomize it by saying that full many a shaft at random sunk finds ore the miner little—thunk. That sounds very much like Rhymo the Monk.

We are all agreed that a prolonged sojourn at The Antlers will be one of the good times coming when our ships come in. Colorado Springs, with its fine climate and scenery, is an ideal place to live; one almost feels like adding, an ideal place to die, for many are the grewsome reminders of the reason for the long rows of cottages "for rent," for the startling frequency of doctors' and nurses' signs in so healthy a place, for the furnished rooms and board waiting the invalid—all telling how largely the population is made up of valetudinarians—"lungers," most of them are, to use the local expression.

En route.
February 14.

A leisurely breakfast at The Antlers, a go-as-you-please forenoon, mostly devoted to repacking for a warmer clime, and the "400" reassembled on the car at one o'clock. Miss Agnes Newhall was a guest for luncheon, and we left Colorado Springs at 2:30.

Some thoughtful soul had replenished the sweets, bought a fresh supply of flowers and blooming plants, and we were as comfortable and happy as the proverbial dwellers in rugs when we settled down for the first 850-mile stretch of the long run to Mexico City, where we go "direct," with only such stops as are incidental to the trip.

We are traveling via the Hogarth Line—so I call it. One would not think that a railroad across a

perfectly flat country (for we left the mountains almost at once) need describe all the scallops and circles and horseshoes and spirals and curlicues and other snakentine wiggle-waggles that the dictionary does—curves parabolical, hyperbolical, diabolical! And the way the train scoots along looping these fearful and wonderful loops! Being on the end of the train, it's like playing crack-the-whip—you wonder when you'll fly loose. The speedometer is soaring around 110 in the shade and the ends of the rails mark the time like bars in music. "Lippity-clip, clippity-lip" they sing, as Uncle Remus describes the wild ride of Brer Rabbit on the back of Brer Fox. It occurred to me that perhaps the rails made the name of the railroad company in autograph, scrawling across the country, but Mr. Brigham says all these sinusoidal maneuvers are on account of grades, this section of country being an inclined plane—or plain, in this case.

Then he suddenly exclaimed: "Those are beuts"—imagine my astonishment at hearing slang from him. He referred to the buttes, of course—ash-dumps, they looked like. And finding we really did seem to stay on the track of this "scenic" railway I began to notice the scenery. The country was getting to look like the familiar Remington drawings and Owen Wister descriptions—gray, sun-parched earth, stunted trees trying to grow beside the dry streams. Half-tone pictures they were, with absolutely no color except the blue sky.

But what had been lacking in the way of color was put into one "grand pyrotechnic display" as the sun finally went down, leaving a sunset splendor in the heavens that certainly "declared the glory of God." Truly "the firmament showeth His handiwork." A

palette of such colors was never seen—violet and rose and yellow, dashes of silver and gold, and one long streak of carmine was put on with a final bold stroke of the brush, as if the artist realized that he could not overdo the brilliance and might as well daub on the color—in "squirts," as Holmes says of Turner sunshine.

When the gorgeous colors had faded and we turned from the darkening landscape at the summons to dinner, a surprise was waiting. The table was decorated most artistically with red hearts—sure enough, St. Valentine's day; so that is why the girls have been so sly all day—and the mysterious shopping in Denver is explained. There was a Jack Horner pie full of valentines, good and bad (mostly very, very bad), surrounded by all the other red dishes Frank could think of, from beets to jelly; even the last of Marion's American Beauties floated in the finger bowls. It was a very swell function—quite a Ladies' Home Journal affair.

After dinner Mr. Brown, who is usually a model of dignity, and Mrs. Newhall, who can be, executed a fandango while the Victor played "Feather Queen." As for Mr. B., we must remember that he is a scion of "old father Antic, the law," so he is excusable for his antics. As for Mrs. N.—well, if Hammerstein "gets next" and discovers her some night, she'll surely be "a Broadway star, all right."

Fort Worth, Texas.
February 15, 6 p. m.

To-day we have crossed half of Texas diagonally, from Childress to this terminal, where I take advan-

tage of a stop to write up. We have been flying along too fast to write while on the wing.

We were in the land of cotton by morning—endless acres of plantations stretching away, a great ragged carpet, its background the red soil of Dixie. At the stations darkies lounged on the cotton bales that spread out everywhere, overflowing the platforms.

Then there were miles of barren lands, inhabited only by prairie-dogs, who seemed to have preëmpted large tracts under some kind of homestead law and settled in colonies. Then followed good grazing country—a streak o' fat land and a streak o' lean, like the kind of salt pork the old lady liked.

The people seem to have nothing to do, congregating at the station in the infrequent little towns—if a shed, a shanty, a cottage, a barn and the depot may be called a "town"—let me not forget the water tank, the line of freight cars, the line of telegraph poles and the line of clothes.

The groups of idlers are typically southern—though a cowboy with his lariat and spurs gives a little western touch. The women are all in sun bonnets and calico, black mammies and white dressed just alike. We play southern airs when the train stops and enjoy their surprise and curiosity. Not often does the "heavenly maid" visit this part of the world.

There is one tune we always set going just as we pull out—"Bye-bye, bye-bye ma Eva—bye-bye, I's gwine to leave yuh." All the Evas wave to the unseen "coon" singing in the yellow car.

Tinges of green begin to show in the newly-planted fields and the thermometer is playing the ascending chromatic scale. It is not warm enough to make sunbonnets indispensable yet—cloudy too.

I am wondering if this is not the railroad about which the story is told that when one of the passengers, noticing that the train was running smoothly, after a very rough trip, asked the conductor why that was. "We're off the track now," was the explanation. Seeing a big locomotive lying bottom up in the ditch to-day made us hope our engineer would slow up before we were "off the track," but he went faster if anything; and still we reached Fort Worth too late for the train with which the *400* was to connect, so we have to wait here three hours for another.

Some mail was brought to the car upon our arrival, and everybody is writing letters. Amongst ours was one from the "prep. school" lad, mostly Greek to me—all about the O. K. Pies and the Fli Ski Highs—closing with some words of appreciation of our "unremitting kindness" and enclosing the month's report, bearing a star!

We walked up-town this evening, but not far. A rough-looking lot of tipsy "cow punchers," all armed to the teeth, had full possession of the streets—saloons galore and the Salvation Army holding forth on the corners. Let us hope they make many converts.

After starting on again two of the troupe (I name no parties) gave a Punch-and-Judy show. It was a benefit performance, for the benefit of Judy, who really had to be punched, she was getting so effervescent. Somebody remarked that if she got what she deserved she'd be "canned, in other words preserved." She really is behaving beautifully now—but she's only bottled, in other words fermenting.

State of Neuvo Leon, Mexico.
February 16, 9 p. m.

Mexico at last, though still my song shall be "My country, 'tis of thee," for we have had a night and another whole day in Texas. What a big state it is! Just think, France could come over to visit Texas and bring with her little Denmark and the Netherlands and have Switzerland come along to take care of them. Even then, Texas could ask Massachusetts to come and help entertain, and Connecticut and little Rhody could come too to entertain the little foreigners, and still with this house-party Texas would have a spare room of over fifteen hundred square miles unoccupied. I found some statistics and a pencil and figured this out.

At San Antonio we learned the first thing this morning that the train we didn't catch last night had landed in the ditch, after getting too frisky on sharp curves and light rails. Moral, or as Buster Brown would say, "Resolved:"

THAT IT IS SOMETIMES A GOOD THING TO MISS A TRAIN. IF YOU ARE WELL AND HAVE A GOOD DISPOSITION YOU CAN ENJOY ANYTHING, EVEN MISSING A TRAIN. CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE SHOWS THAT BY MISSING A TRAIN PEOPLE HAVE OFTEN MISSED SOMETHING WORSE. YOU'RE IN A BAD FIX IF YOU ARE PART OF A "HORRIBLE DISASTER." IT IS BETTER TO LAUGH THAN BE SIGHING, SO WHEN AWAY THE TRAIN GOES FLYING CHEER UP AND SMILE. IT HAS MADE SOME MEN'S FORTUNES, THAT PLEASANT SMILE HAS.

The scenery and the climate have been growing more and more tropical all day. Trees bearded with the funereal Spanish moss, bunches of green mistle-

toe among the dead-looking branches, the Spanish bayonet and long stretches of "pear" thickets, all become more common with every hour's progress.

We have spent the most of the day on the front porch (as we call the rear platform), camped out on stools, without wraps. Negroes grew beautifully less and greasers more numerous as we reached the border lands. While stopping for the train-load to lunch at Choculla, one of Uncle Sam's furthermost towns, Fanny and I took pictures of some cunning little half-breed children. They all say "show me first your penny"—in Spanish. The more penny the more smile.

We have left a trail of music behind us as we have gone marching through Texas. A picture of the car taken at any point on the day's run would show a blur of notes and clefs, sharps and flats, streaming out behind like the clouds of vapor and veils following a motor car. But oh! such a sorrow—we can't have "Titl's Serenade" any more. Mr. Brigham has put his foot down on it—now we're sorry we left it on the floor. It was that pretty duet I've mentioned; now it is two separate pieces.

A freight wreck ahead caused a delay this afternoon—the third wreck in twenty-four hours. Nobody can say these railroads are wreckless, however it may appear. But instead of growing nervous, I begin to feel that a guardian angel is protecting the "400."

That last remark was made in all good faith and seriousness, yet I can't resist a story *à propos*. A minister in a little Nebraska town went to call upon a Swede who had lately "settled in their midst"—having in fact been transported from Kansas on the wings of an unusually careful cyclone, which had left him with his family and other chattels "without a scratch." Upon congratulating Ole on his miraculous delivery the parson said, "Surely, the Lord was with you." Said the Swede, "Ay tank he bane going some."

Laredo, on the Rio Grande, was reached at six this evening, with still enough sun for a photograph of the river and the long bridge, in the center of which a white stone post marks the boundary between the realms of Uncle Sam and the realms of Mr. Diaz.

At Nuevo Laredo, on the Mexican side, customs officers boarded the train. Appearing suddenly in the dusk of the car, they looked so like a band of pirates that we frightened women almost screamed in their swarthy faces. Our men had gone out to open the trunks for inspection. We collected our features and adjusted our expressions hastily and succeeded in convincing them that we were not smugglers, though they did not understand English. We felt much relieved when they left without cutting our throats.

The girls had their first lesson in Spanish from some nice-looking Mexican boys of their own age

who came up on the car steps and pronounced the words in the back of the guide-book, while the train was waiting in Nuevo Laredo. The boys seemed to be as much interested in the American Beauties as the girls were in *Espagnol,* and the *"adios"* were very friendly on both sides when the train started on.

Mrs. Newhall's trunk failed to appear in the Custom House and upon investigation it was found that nobody had a check for it—there was some mistake in Colorado Springs. Of course there is nothing in it she wants, anyway, so she says! Not even the spandy new suit that was just finished in time. Like the immortal *Toddie,* she is really glad not to be "boddered wif lots of fings." Well, some people want but little here below, but for my part I want that little along when I travel.

It was dark by the time we were well on our way again. We have had a quiet evening with books, and are retiring early—my book being these memoirs.

Fortunately, Mr. Newhall brought a trunk of his own.

State of San Luis Potosi, Mexico.
February 17. Noon.

Last night we traveled many miles over the old Indian trail that now forms the route of the Mexican National Railway—the historic highroad over which our American troops passed on their invasion of Mexico.

We had passed through the valleys of Monterey and of San Juan and had reached a barren table-land by morning, and when we were wakened by our official scene-shifter there had been a great changing of scenery over night.

Rolling up the little curtain of my window and peeping out to see the fine views he was begging us to behold, there was indeed a strange sight. The train was steadily climbing a steep grade, already being near the top of the mountains, whose summits were lost in the soft, white heaps of fleecy clouds with which they seemed to be playing pillow-fight for a morning frolic. The slopes were covered with palm trees that reminded me of huge pineapple tops mounted on tall posts. Some were single, some double headed—some had arms uplifted—some were straight, others bent as if with age and all had wild, spiky locks bristling on their heads. They kept appearing, like Rip Van Winkle's mountain goblins, each more weird and fantastic than the last, seeming to stare at the train, point at it and bow in the most uncanny way. I wondered if last night's sleep was really twenty years of oblivion, for it was a vastly different world from that of yesterday.

Eager for pictures, I dressed as fast as possible, but the sun was hidden behind the clouds I had been admiring on the mountain tops.

There was a chill in the early morning air and the groups of Mexicans who were out early repairing the tracks, though wrapped in their warm, bright-colored blankets, looked very shivery as to legs, having only loose white cotton trousers and sandalled feet. And their big sombreros suggested intense heat.

By the time the sun was bright enough for pictures we had rolled down a long grade and the mountains and "goblin" palms were left behind—without one snap.

But there were plenty of pictures waiting, for all along the route, wherever we stopped at the little pueblos, the entire population was waiting at the sta-

tion to see the only event of their lives, the arrival of the train—the incoming of their chief incomes, I might have said, for they are all beggars; and no sooner does the train stop than every palm in this land of palms is outstretched for *"centavo, centavo,"* which they ask *por amor de Dios.*

I said they were all at the station—at least those that were not waiting would be there directly, for they came running from the little cluster of adobe huts half

a mile distant in droves, old and young, "some in rags and some in tags," like the beggars in the nursery rhyme. Still they come, pouring out like the emptying of an ant-hill, aunts and uncles and cousins, "reckoned up by dozens." Where do they all sleep, for pity's sake? The little cubic adobe huts are like bake-ovens

of clay, yet they seem to afford accommodation for multitudes. Some of the family must be hung up—some of them look as if they ought to be!—but I meant in *hamacos*.

And the costumes! When his apparel can be called other than just rags, the male Mexican's garb is a combination of white "ducks," a nonedscript sort of

outing shirt, a couple (not necessarily a pair) of sandals, a big sombrero of straw or felt, and always the bright striped *zarape*—the Mexican mantle of charity. These last are a continual temptation to me, dirty as they are. In fact the most soiled are usually the most

beautiful, for the colors soften like those of antique rugs. These blankets the humble peon wears with the grace of a cavalier in a cloak, a fringed end thrown over the left shoulder. Some blankets (called *ponchos*) are woven with a slit in the middle for the head; these are often worn under a zarape.

In these garments they seem to live and move and have their being continuously, day and night. Perhaps there is a time when the plumage moults—perhaps the raiment matures and drops off like foliage—if so, I should think that season about due.

The women, too, "wear the same clothes all the while"—a bunch of rags and a heavenly smile!—but though as in Robinson Crusoe's Isle, they very seldom change the style, as they say in fashion books, "great variety is noticed in the colors and fabrics employed in individual creations."

"Age does not wither nor custom stale their infinite variety."

The key-note of Mexican fashion is simplicity, and the predominating style of toilette is a two-piece costume consisting of bodice and skirt of contrasting

material and color, the skirt being constructed on simple lines, in round length or medium sweep.

With this costume a blue scarf of diaphanous texture, called a *rebozo,* or a black shawl, called a *tapolo,* is worn over the head and shoulders.

For general utility nothing could surpass this graceful adjunct to the toilette. It is used not only for protection, but in it is toted the baby or other weary load.

Youngsters able to walk are naked as to feet and

in various stages of *décolleté* from the ground up. As the youngest *pequeño niños* (pickaninnies) are wrapped in their mother's shawls as described, their *layettes* are a matter of conjecture. Sometimes the little urchins have a layout of ragged underwear—merely this and nothing more—sometimes only the

outer garments, as may be seen from the general peek-a-boo effect of the visible attire. The only completely covered boys I have seen wore white combination suits such as we call night bloomers in Chicago—here they

bloom in the day time. In fact, all the kids in Mexico seem either preparing or ready for bed, and the average boy could jump out of his entire vesture in one yump.

Some of the young women and many of the little ragamuffins are really pretty, with bright eyes and rich complexions, white teeth and glossy hair. We quite fell in love with one bonita to-day and she thoroughly appreciated the admiration. The pretty

girls are greatly set off by the background of grizzled, mummified old women, who seem never to be too decrepit or too miserable not to want to see the trains come in.

Altogether they form a spectacle abject and pitiful, yet so strikingly foreign that one feels as if he were on the other side of the globe, rather than only a few hours from our modern civilization and prosperity.

What do they think, I wonder, of the world from which come the long trains filled with people as strange

to them as they are to the strangers? For they know no other life than that of the desert—in ignorance they are primeval.

To say that I am in my seventh heaven with such subjects for snapshots is putting it several stories too low. I'm in the utmost empyrean heights. Mexico is a paradise for a camera fiend, for not only are there abundant subjects, but the sunshine is so clear and steady that photography is a perfect delight. I go snapping around like a Spitz dog! If only the camera could reproduce the wealth of color in the outlandish costumes, in the soft eyes and olive skins of the people, in the landscape and wonderful sky — but all this must be supplied by the imagination of those who have not seen the originals, by the memory of those who have.

And with the strange people there is also the strange language to add to the feeling that one is "in foreign parts." The cars along the *Nacional* are *premier, segunda* or *tercera clase*. They are not, however, like the European "classified" cars, but are American coaches of a degree of respectability in accordance with their *clase* distinction. Freight cars on the side-

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tracks tell the *capacidad* in *kilos.* Over the ticket office in stations large enough to have a ticket office (and they are few and far between) is the sign *"dispacho de boletas."* A sleeping car is a *coche dormitorio*—well, never mind, this isn't a glossary. I'm adding insult to injury, as the parrot said when he was not only taken from his native land to England, but made to talk the language!

We crossed the Tropic of Cancer about eleven o'clock and can fully realize that we have entered the Torrid Zone, for it is very hot in the blazing sunshine. This, however, is not what is called the *tierra caliente,* or hot country—that is on the coast. Up here we are on a table land, "the backbone of Mexico," and this region is the *tierra templada,* or temperate land. The mean temperature of this *tierra* is given as 70°, but I think it is meaner than that to-day. In my opinion Old Mexico has enough temperature to need ice. And, by the way, that is one of the mysteries of this car—the way the ice keeps.

It seems strange to think we are in the same latitude in the western world in which is the Desert of Sahara in the eastern hemisphere—we are south of the southernmost part of Egypt.

This is the highest altitude of the journey over the *Nacional,* Catorce, the last town in the Temperate Zone being 9,042 feet. *Catorce* means "fourteen"—a queer name for a town. It was given "in honor" of fourteen outlaws who discovered the mines near by.

We are going like an arrow across a flat desert and are almost buried alive in dust. It is no wonder if this is dry reading. The view is at times completely obscured by clouds of fine sand. We have had to abandon "the porch," but there isn't much to look at now except

the two glittering streaks of steel diminishing into space behind. The landscape is just "foreground golden dirt," with middle distance and far distance all the same, with always the far-away mountains that form a rim for this big pan of sugar.

State of Guanajuato.
3 p. m.

"Reckon you-all better come right out if you don't want to eat dirt," Oliver said when he announced luncheon. We-all could easily have consumed our allotted peck at one fell swoop if he hadn't been so careful to cover everything. And even at that the dishes were gritty before the meal was over.

There were a hundred miles of that desert. We came straight across it without a curve. Then gradually the aspect of the country changed again and we could sit outside to enjoy it. It grew hilly and there were beautiful views as we passed through fertile valleys where we caught glimpses of flourishing haciendas. At Bocas is one of the most notable of these estates, said to be worth a million dollars. As to whether that means "U. S." or "Mex.," deponent saith not—it would be all one to me if he did.

The place looked like a fortress, with its white walls of stone, and like a green oasis with its gardens and tropical plants and trees. The top of the white buildings and the spires of a chapel gleamed in the sunshine against a vivid background of foliage.

Along the green banks of the irrigation ditches that bring water to these haciendas were groups of women washing their clothes, the bushes around being draped with garments of many hues, children bathing in the shallow pools while their clothing was in the laun-

dry. It would seem a useless waste of time and energy, if time or much energy were of any value to these people, for we know from experience how impossible it is to stay clean in such a dusty country. Considering the scarcity of water, it is really very much to their credit that the poor creatures even try to be clean. Water is such a luxury that it is not uncommon to see women with their *ollas*, or earthen jugs, catching the water that drains out of the waste-pipes of the locomotive at the little towns in the desert. What they drink I do not know; we are supplied with spring water.

We reached San Luis Potosi about two o'clock. A very ancient town is this, named "Saint Louis of the Treasure" for its old-time silver mines, which were thought to resemble the Potosi mines of Peru. There was a half-hour wait here for the train passengers to eat. As always, there were the throngs of natives at the station, as if it were a gala day—all the types with which tourists soon become familiar—the men with their cigarettes, beggars with their empty palms. The better looking señoras leave the silky black hair uncovered, wearing the *tapoio* around their shoulders. The poorer ones, or what appear to be so, wear the blue *rebozo* over their probably unkempt tresses. There were priests with long gowns and shorn heads, and fruit venders of both sexes, the women squatting on the platform or sidewalk with their goods spread out around them, the men with a loaded tray on their heads and carrying a folding rack like a camp-stool; at the least encouraging sign of a possible customer, they transfer the stock in trade from the head to the rack, and behold, a fruit store open for business, with an eager salesman behind the counter and your choice of fruits and *dulces* of all sorts. We tried

something in the dulcy line that looked rather good —some kind of sliced melon-like fruit coated over with crystallized sugar. I was glad I took a small bite—it was like raw pumpkin.

There was a man selling little tortoise-shell trays made of horse hoofs who, my hubby said, was the same one he bought one of in '96; and there were men with opals and women with drawnwork.

The city of San Luis Potosi is said to be very interesting. Of course, we could only get the "general effect" from the station. A very old church stands inside what are now railroad yards. We asked a Mexican what it was, pointing to it. He crossed himself and smiled politely. Mexican Rebeccas kept coming with the great red urn-like jars to a water-spout near the car, and having filled them, carried them away on their shoulders, supporting them with all the grace of a Greek statue. The very up-to-date railway station looked strange, surrounded by buildings of mediæval architecture. It is more suitable for Saint Louis Missouri, than for San Luis Potosi.

And speaking of towns named after the saints, a stranger in Mexico would have as much trouble to locate the particular San Pedro or José or Miguel or Francisco he wanted as one in our country would have in finding a certain Smithfield or Lewistown or Jacksonville or Jonesboro—each state has at least one of each. The next town after San Luis is Jesus Maria. Of course no brakesman shouts the names of the stations into the door of the *400*, but suppose Evanston, for instance, had been thus named—we usually stop four times in Evanston and hear the name shouted twice at each stop and at each start at each station at

each end of the car, and each time with a slam of the door!

The country grows more and more productive and prosperous looking. There are many cultivated acres of the agave or maguey, which we call the century plant, from which *pulque,* the Mexican whiskey, is made.

The guide-book describes in detail the primitive manner in which the sap is extracted from the plant. It seems that when it is about to bloom, which happens but once in the life of the plant, the bud is cut off, the sap allowed to collect in the hollow where the stem was taken out and a peon sucks the juice into a gourd, emptying the gourd as fast as it is filled into a pigskin sack which he carries on his back. My, doesn't that sound good?

These lazy suckers have to work fast, for the liquor ferments very rapidly and after twenty-four hours is flat, stale and unprofitable. *Mescal,* a distilled liquor made from the juice, is highly intoxicating. *Pulque* is

very cheap, being worth only about fifty cents a gallon. I have read somewhere that after it is imported by the United States from France, bottled as cognac, it sells for four dollars a bottle.

There are countless varieties of cacti in this part of the world. They grow in jungles, the shrubby kinds, and other varieties look like distorted apple trees. They often cover acres of country, like great, weird orchards. There is a tall, straight kind, the *organo* (from its resemblance to organ pipes), that is used for protection around the little huts and the great haciendas —of course, covered with prickers. The commonest variety, the "prickly pear," makes dense, impenetrable hedges and grows to enormous size. There are several varieties of the *vulgaris* species, promiscuously called "prickly pear," "Indian fig," tuna, nopal; best described as the "dog-ear kind." Don't ever touch the most innocent looking of them! Mr. Newhall managed to land some specimens on the platform, but they were tartars and he won't try it again. The long green bristles look soft and tender, but don't you believe them. Every cactus plant is a deadly foe standing on guard with "fixed bayonets."

Some varieties of cacti bear fruit that is much liked by the natives. Some portions of the plants are used for fodder, after singeing off the whiskers. Some are used for their fibre for various purposes. When the tuna is in fruit, the Mexicans care for no other food and will not work during the season of plenty.

I suppose the nopal is the *Nacional* cactus, as it figures in the national legend. We read that the ancient Aztecs, during their migrations in search of a suitable town site, came upon a sacrificial stone upon which one of their priests had once made a burnt offer-

ing of a captive hostile chief. Upon a cactus which grew in a crevice in this stone there sat an eagle, holding a serpent in his beak. This was considered to be symbolical of victory and interpreted as a good omen to themselves, and the tribal pueblo was built upon the spot. The place was called Tenochtitlan, or "place of the cactus rock," but the name "Mexico," as the city which was thus founded was afterward called, was taken from one of the names of the war god Huitzilopochtli Mexitli—choosing the lesser of two evils, the name Mexitli being obviously rather to be chosen than Huitzilopochtli.

This is the origin of the eagle and serpent as the Mexican national emblem.

They all think I'm copying the guide-book. I'm only translating it, as a matter of fact—putting it into easy lessons for beginners. But it is wasting time to stay indoors, so here endeth the first lesson.

Gonzales Jc.
9 p. m.

During the afternoon a grand señor, the *hacendado* or proprietor of some large plantation, alighted from the train. He had been away on business or pleasure and was met at the flag station near the hacienda by his carriage (a white-canvas-covered two-seated family carry-all) and a fine team of horses. He looked like a Mexican Hamlet, all in black—tight trousers and short jacket and an enormous felt sombrero—how heavy and hot it must have been! He had the air of a prince, but was Americanized to the extent of white collar and cuffs.

The train crossed a wide *arroyo* by means of a

viaduct of wonderful construction just before reaching the last important town of the day's run—San Felipe. We had a striking view of the town, its towers and roofs shining like silver in a spot-light of brilliant sunshine in the distance, across a long intervening stretch of shadow.

It seemed a pity to see the day drawing to a close, for the country was more beautiful every hour. I shall never forget the last few miles of the journey, through a wide broken valley, green as the promised land, peaceful as a dream, quiet and lonely as the vale of death. We watched the deep blue shadows creep up the sides of the encircling mountains while all the wide scene around us was glowing with reflections from the western sky. A river wound zigzag through the picture, little lonely huts nestled under protecting banks and amongst the green vines and shrubs. Only a solitary home-returning figure now and then made the picture a reality. The charm of it all made us silent. It seemed as if a word would break the spell—a feeling that to me was like music—like the melody of a June day, when "heaven tries the earth if it be in tune" and sets all the harmonies of the universe vibrating.

Softly the light faded as we watched the "shadows of departing day," then all at once the train dashed into a deep cut, it became abruptly dark and almost as abruptly chilly. A brakesman brought the lanterns for the rear end and we left the world to darkness and came inside, after trying in vain to see anything besides the glimmer of a few early lights in Dolores Hidalgo, of historic renown.

This town is known as the birth-place of Hidalgo and as the "cradle of independence," for it was here

that the patriot priest fired his countrymen, "the wild hosts of Hidalgo," with the spirit of '76—in 1810. From the belfry of the little church in Dolores ("Hidalgo" was added to the name later) were first heard the sounds of freedom that was proclaimed by the *grito,* the "Cry of Dolores." That bell is now the Liberty Bell of the republic and rings out its jubilate over the City of Mexico on every Independence Day, the 16th of September.

We ate dinner under difficulties to-night, for the glasses and cups emptied themselves as fast as they were filled—plates slid all over the table and into our laps—silver rattled and we were as likely to put our forks or spoons into our neighbor's mouth as into our own. Mr. Brigham, who knows all about railroads, said he never saw such short curves in such narrow cuts, nor cut around such short curves in such a short time.

A half-hour stop at Gonzales for whatever they call the meal at 8:30 gives me the opportunity to finish my day's travelogue. I have written on the wing before, but it would be useless to attempt even my shorthand at this last state of joggle.

We got off for a few moments and stood around on the platform and listened to a blind musician (?) who gave a pathetic rendition of "La Paloma," accompanying his poor old cracked voice with the "gentle strains" of an old cracked harp of home-made appearance. We thanked him—liberally—and then played the song for him on the Victor, to his astonishment and that of the crowd. And, by the way, we are getting a little chary about encouraging "the crowd" too close, for they are an anarchistic-looking lot of ruffians that gather round the train at night and it is their unfor-

tunate reputation that they'd rather be stealing than eat—and I am sure they would gladly eat—they look as hungry as wolves.

A funny little Mexican private car has just been coupled on behind us—hope it will hold us down. To judge by the shadows cast before by those last few miles, I am sure there are coming events in the way of curves—the guardian angel will have to make a record run. That is shocking, isn't it? But I was thinking of another story—one of Mr. James'—about a man who boastfully undertook to spend a night alone in a much-feared haunted house. Being awakened at the spooky hour by the soft touch of a furry paw he opened his eyes to see a horrible creature with the body of an animal and a head like a gargoyle looking at him. One look was enough—it was hello-good-bye-sorry-I-can't-stop! At the end of a breathless five-mile dash he stopped, thinking he had far outstripped the creature, but only to find it beside him. "That was quite a race we had," it remarked in a casual way. "Yes, but not a marker to the one we're going to have"—and he was gone.

Hotel Palacio, Ciudad de Mejico.
Domingo, Febrero 18.

This will be a long story to tell, for it has been a day brimful of sights, experiences and impressions.

To resume where I left off, in spite of the hippity-hop locomotion, we all slept as soundly last night as if we were being jounced to sleep on our mother's knee. It is my personal belief that every member of the family "went to bed with his stockings on," but of course I can only speak for myself. I could have responded to a 2:11 call without delay.

We learned from our northern spy that we were safe and sound in the City of The Conquerors when we woke, the *400* side-tracked and deserted, for the train had silently stolen away—at least nobody heard it.

After breakfasting on the car, we put a few necessaries into suit cases and set out to see the sights.

I wonder how it would seem to be taken from noisy, grimy, sky-scraping Chicago and be put down directly into Mexico City on Sunday morning. Of course a thousand miles of Mexico had prepared us in a measure for what we saw this morning, but after all it was a strange sensation, as of being on earth before "when the world was new and all," as Kipling says, for Time seemed to have turned backward a few centuries and the world to have turned over on the other side and gone to sleep. We were in old Jerusalem or Constantinople or were dreaming ourselves—surely it was not America.

Everything was dazzlingly white and dazzingly blue —the low-roofed white stone or whitewashed buildings and the vivid Mexican sky made a background that intensified the gay colors on all the people about.

Of course the first thing was to find a hotel, and since it was "sech a pleasant mornin' an' sech a short walk," we thought we'd walk, and each began on a different native to ask the way. "Sanz Hotel" seemed a very easy thing to understand, and it seemed as if our pantomime would be easily comprehensible as "I want to go there." But "Sanz Hotel" is one thing—"Otel Sanz" is quite another. But finally a small boy "caught on," as it takes a boy to do, and taking a jingling hint that it would pay him to do so, he picked up the bags and proceeded to guide us.

It proved a long walk, but a pleasant one. We took

it leisurely, remembering the altitude and finding everything too interesting to want to hurry.

Long rows of stone walls with grated windows look forbidding till one sees through on open portal a glimpse of the courtyard around which all Mexican houses are built—the *patio,* it is called. Here are bright flowers and green palms and climbing vines, roses in bloom and sparkling fountains. Add to these an oriental-looking figure in a doorway, or a little dusky face with bright curious eyes peeping out at you from behind some friendly screen, then imagine the balmy sunshine and that is the best I can do at a reproduction of the picture.

We finally came to a wide, handsome boulevard, the Paseo de la Reforma, where the wealthiest people of the city live in more or less modified Mexican style. Every now and then the avenue broadened into a *glorieta,* or circle, where a statue or fountain was placed, with great stone benches on which the picturesque natives pose in true Alma-Tadema effect. The most remarkable of these staues is an equestrienne Charles IV., the largest bronze casting in the world, horse and rider all one piece. It is the pride of the city that this casting was done in her own foundries and a tablet in Spanish is said to explain that the statue is retained in this conspicuous place *not* to do honor any longer to King Charles, but rather as a wonderful piece of art.

Our way led through a beautiful park, or *alameda,* as it is called—and this is *the* Alameda of Mexico—a great bower of green foliage, through which the sunshine seemed to sift, falling in bright specks all over the velvety green grass. Through shadowy vistas were glimpses of the white walls or towers of

some ancient church—there were statues and fountains, around which were clustered the gracefully draped people, and flowers and tropical plants, both great and small, while all about was the chirping of a birdies' ball.

And another concert than that of the birds was in preparation. Carpets were being spread and awnings and banners stretched along the walks, for some distinguished personage is visiting the city and the usual Sunday band concert was to be a special occasion. We applied all the words of welcome (those we could make out) to ourselves and felt as pleased at the signs of hospitality as if the "glad hand" was extended for our reception.

Eventually The Sanz appeared, an old building, as unlike a hotel in appearance as possible. It was in fact an old residence and in its day had been a very fine one. Like all Mexican houses, it shut out the world with a solid wall on the street, with only a large entrance big enough to drive through. This old portal is now fitted out with ordinary doors, for it is no longer used as a carriage entrance as in days gone by when the horses and carriages were housed with the family who lived in the *casa grande*. The rooms on the ground floor around the patio, now used as dining room, barber shop and offices, were built for stables and servants' quarters, the family occupying the upper rooms, all of which open on the "gallery."

A fountain in which were goldfish and water plants was in the center of the stone-paved court, and under the cloister-like arches, in startling contrast to all their mediæval surroundings, were some aggressively up-to-date "mission" rockers with great pudgy leather cushions, fresh from the missions in Grand Rapids.

But to tell the truth, they were at that moment the most attractive features of the place.

Unfortunately, there were no rooms to be had at The Sanz. This hostelry had been so well recommended that the news was in the nature of a crushing blow. Telephone communication was productive of no better luck at the Iturbide or the Jardin, and the best to be had was the Palacio. To the "400," with recollections of former Palaces, a hotel would have smelled as sweet by any other name, but the "400" cannot always be choosers; so we took some blue-flag carriages to the Palacio. By "blue flag" we mean first-class, for in "The City" the style, condition and length of servitude of public hacks is designated by little tin flags of different colors displayed on the disengaged vehicles.

The Palacio is built on the same plan as The Sanz, minus the fountain and plus a roof over the court, the rooms above the ground floor opening on gallery hallways.

Each chamber or suite has a little vestibule with chairs for callers, and the doors are double and as light as those of a wardrobe. These are supposed to be fastened by bolting one to the floor and locking the other to it. As there is no bolt on ours, it is somewhat immaterial whether they are locked or not—it seems a little more private with the key turned, though. Another set of doors in our *palacial* apartment (and if gorgeousness of carpet and hangings is palatial, it is that) opens into quite a modern bath room. In this case one door is hung with the inside outside or the other with the outside inside—at any rate the flange is wrong-side-out-side, so they can't close. I tried every which way to get the hang of them, but only got a black and blue nail for my pains. We turn the key as

a matter of form and after our *baño* play unlock it again.

Being too eager to begin sightseeing to care much about interiors for the present, we disposed of our baggage quickly and sallied forth once more. When we came down to the office floor we found our supposed names stencilled in white chalk on a big blackboard—not as a notice to the police or anything like that, but to tell our possible callers and our fellow guests what rooms we occupied. If the spelling was erratic, at least it was taken from the signatures on the register, so we forbear comment—and it was easily erased and made right. Hanging conspicuously in the inner office was a large photograph of our own Dowie "in full pontificals," for this is where he "puts up" when in Mexico.

First decorating ourselves with bunches of freshly-gathered wood violets that were offered by women with big baskets full of them, we proceeded to the post office, and here the girls found things sweeter than violets—whole armfuls of valentines and letters which had wasted none of their sweetness on the desert air coming south—to judge by the pleasure exhibited by the recipients.

The post office is in a part of the *Palacio Nacional*, one of the most notable buildings in the city. Architecturally it is "squat and unpretentious"—three stories high, the front extending along the entire east side of a public square about the size of four ordinary city blocks, with wings at each end extending backward a block or so. Historically it is one of the most interesting buildings in America. On the site it occupies stood, at the time of the Conquest, "the new palace of Montezuma." This was destroyed by Cortez, who built

a palace for himself on the ground. This was also afterward destroyed and the present building is over two hundred years old. From this spot Mexico has been governed for nearly four centuries, President Diaz being the first Mexican "ruler" who did not occupy the National Palace. Since his administration began it has been the Capitol building, containing the Presidential offices, Senate Chamber and Post Office.

The *Plaza Mayor de la Constitucion,* in front of the National Palace, was four hundred years ago an open space in front of the great teocalli, or Aztec temple, where in the dark ages of idolatry multitudes of savages gathered to devour ceremonially the bodies of the victims sacrificed on the pyramid of the "temple" after their beating hearts had been cut out as an offering to their gods! To-day this great open space is the public square of the city—not a park, although in the center is a garden, the Zocolo, a name by which the Plaza itself is commonly called. Zócolo means "foundation" and the name refers to a monument to Mexican independence, of which the foundation alone was completed. The Zocolo is the heart of the city. It is the point from which all street-cars start and where the band plays every afternoon, so it is always thronged with people.

And what a picture it makes! Dashes of red and purple and yellow and blue make a brilliant "detail" which combined form a gorgeous mass of color against the background of green trees, beyond which are seen the towers and dome of the Cathedral, facing the north side of the Plaza.

Many people in the streets, carrying prayer-books and rosaries, were walking to church, and there we followed them, for the old cathedral is the principal

sight in Mexico City, regarded as the finest edifice on the American continent—not to speak of its historical associations.

The trees in the garden of the Zocolo prevent a general view of the Cathedral, which spreads over such immense space that the architectural "point of view" should be at some distance. From a sidewalk observation one cannot take in much beside the solidity of the white stone walls and some of the sculptural detail. Adjoining the Cathedral, seeming indeed a part of it, is the *Segrario Metropolitano,* or first parish church. The Cathedral is described as Moorish in style, the *segrario* as "Churrigueresque," from the name of a native architect. It has an elaborately carved façade which contrasts strongly with the severe, massive front of the Cathedral. A little chapel, massive front of the Cathedral. A little chapel, *La La Capella de la Soledad*, unites the two buildings and there are more chapels in the rear.

The Cathedral is a stone-embodied history of Mexico—a romantic history, full of thrilling chapters. It is built on the site of the old pagan teocalli. On this spot one place of worship succeeded another till the present structure, built by the Catholic Spaniards, was begun in 1573—not, however, being completed with its bell-capped towers till more than two hundred years later—not exactly a mushroom growth. It took forty years to build the foundations alone.

The interior style is that of the Spanish Renaissance—how Baedeker-like that sounds! And how Baedeker-like it felt to be wandering once more in an old cathedral, studying the fluted columns, the gilded carving, old and lovely with the beautifying touch of decay, the once brilliant but darkened old

paintings on the walls, the rows of chapels along the aisles, wherein knelt lone worshipers, telling their beads.

The effect of space in this great building is lost because of the placing of the choir in the middle of the nave—so one is disappointed after having formed an idea of the immensity of the building from the exterior proportions. There is said to be a fabulous amount of wealth inside the old walls of the Cathedral —in the high altar, which is modern and therefore inharmonious, and in the many other altars, one of which is a replica of the famous *Altar de Los Reyes* (the Kings) in the Cathedral of Seville, Spain. Under this altar are buried the bones of Iturbide, the heads of Hidalgo and his compatriots and other historic "remains," and before it *Yturbide* and *Maximiliano* were crowned—this being the only church in America in which the ceremony of a coronation was ever witnessed.

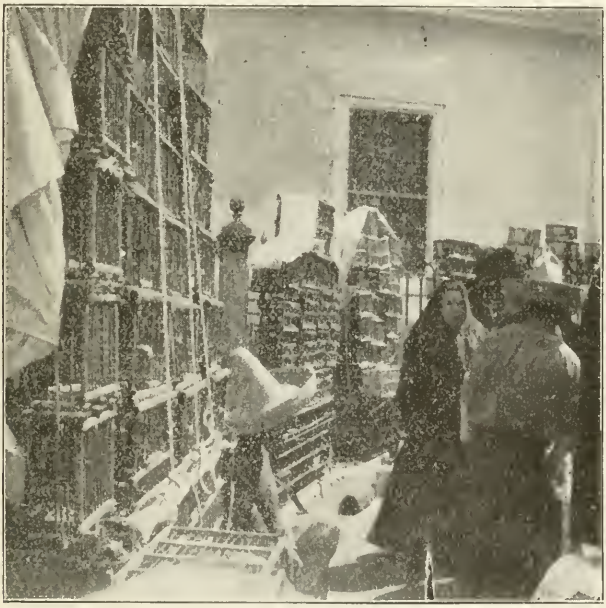
There are paintings by the old Spanish masters in the Cathedral, but they are kept hidden away in the obscurity of some chapter room; having been purchased for devotional purposes, they are not looked upon as possessions to be exhibited merely as works of art.

There are two great organs which are supposedly very fine instruments. The music we heard was not of a character to demonstrate any wonder of tone or power, as a service was in progress for which the music was low and monotonous. It seemed to be a strange kind of service that had no beginning and no end. People were coming and going at random, all classes kneeling together wherever there was a little space on the floor—a lady in silk side by side with an Indian

in a blanket, one as much at home as the other. Men and women would come in, kneel and pray, cross themselves devoutly and pass out with many genuflections.

Around the doors of the Cathedral sat all the cripples in Mexico, one would think—as repulsive as they could possibly make themselves. It is said that there is a smaller percentage of "professional" beggars in Mexico than there are tramps in the United States—the tramps do not congregate, that is all. And the door

of a church is a favorite place for the *pordioseros* ("for-God's-sakers") of Mexico. One could only wish that some of the gold and silver in the magnificent Cathedral could be used for more practical Christianity.



After the dim religious light of the church the sunshine was almost blinding as we came out into the garden again, in a corner of which we found the *Mercado de las Flores,* which we had started out to see, which is at its best on Sunday morning. And of

all the Mexican scenes this flower market was the brightest, for added to the bright colors of the Spanish and Indian costumes were the brilliant masses of flowers under a circular glass pagoda that sparkled like an enormous jewel in the sun. There were fresh strawberries (*fresas*) in baskets, and all sorts of strange Mexican fruits which are never seen "up north." We bought some queer brown things that looked like potatoes—they were very luscious, having a soft, sweet pulp something like a banana, with big, flat, black seeds. The man called them *chico zapotes*. On one side of the pavilion was a bird show, all sorts of songsters for sale in little wooden cages; and the meat of cocoanuts was offered on big wooden trays.

Coming back through the Zocolo, we passed long rows of *portales* along the west and south sides of the square. These are arcades formed by the extension over the sidewalk of the upper stories of the buildings, which are supported by arches. It might be the Rue de Rivoli if Parisian goods were displayed in the shop windows, but the merchandise is purely Mexican and of a tawdry, cheap grade. The shops were all open and thronged with customers, who combine their shopping with their church going.

So far we had not come "in touch" with any Mexican cooking. When we went in to dinner at the Palacio we decided to take something light—none of your Mexican stuff. The menu had plenty of American dishes—how would ham and eggs do? Even a Mexican chef ought to be able to cook ham and eggs. So it was *jamon e huevos fritos* for everybody but one—never mind who. He thought he would try "jellied hare." Now, if it hadn't been that we had just remarked the remarkable proximity of

the dining room to the barber shop I suppose I should not have thought anything of an order for hare, jellied or even frizzled—but under the circumstances! I tried to give no outward and visible sign of the inward and invisible reminiscences of bygone days when the Montague bang was in flower (or in curl), but when the hare came in, jellied in gum of tragacanth, it was too much for the feeble appetite I had—and Mr. Blank went right on eating bread, soggy though it was, and sour. The ham and eggs would have been tolerable on clean plates—the quality of the coffee was like the quality of mercy—as Portia defines it. In fact, the luncheon was not a success.

Still, 'mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, take it all in all the pleasures far outnumber the palaces.

A trip to Mexico would not be complete without a bull-fight. And it was to-day or never for us, as these exhibitions of the *nacional* sport occur only on Sundays and holidays—perhaps because the better day makes the deed seem better. We decided that our having been to church ought to be a saving grace and accordingly at half-past two we boarded an electric car bound for the *Plaza de Toros,* or "place of bulls."

This "place" is on the outskirts of the city. Along the way mounted police, elaborately festooned with white braid, were drawn up at frequent intervals, though there was no great crowd and no sign of rioters —perhaps because of the precaution.

At the entrance we met a number of Chicago men, members of the Merchants' Club. Among them our men found several acquaintances. They laughed at each other for being caught at the bull-fight. "Just came out of curiosity," they all declared.

The Place of Bulls is a huge circular wooden building. I was unconsciously expecting something on the order of the Roman Coliseum—at least something substantial in old-world architecture and more romantic than an overgrown gas tank, and my expectations of seeing something gladiatorian in such a place dropped several pegs.

Each of us being supplied with a long strip of blue paper, on which was a scene from the bull-fight, we interviewed the official at the entrance and were directed up a flight of stairs on the outside of the building. Arriving breathlessly at the top, we entered a small door and found ourselves looking down into the auditorium. The tickets read "*Barreras sombra*," which meant that our *localidad* was on the shady side of the roofless building—the desirable side. The sunny side is called *sol* and the seats are cheaper.

The performance had begun and, in fact, one "fight" was concluded soon after we were seated, but as one combat follows another all the afternoon, we saw the beginning and finish of one complete tournament—and a highly edifying spectacle it was!

We had missed the ceremonies with which the entertainment begins—the "review" of the company by the President (of the show, not of the republic); the make-believe bestowal of the key to the *toril* (bull-pen) upon the *alquazil* (master of ceremonies), signifying official permission to begin the sport; the courtesies of the toreadors to their lady-loves in the audience, and so on. Our first act began with the blare of a trumpet and the entrance into the great sand-strewn arena of a mild-looking bull. Having just escaped from solitary confinement, he was half dazed with the light and wholly bewildered with the smart of a wound from some un-

known quarter—for as he had passed under the arch leading from the dark passageway from the *toril*, a barbed steel point, dipped in acid and with a bunch of bright ribbons attached had been jabbed into his shoulder, partly to torment him and partly to tell the specators from what hacienda he came, there being more fights in some breeds than in others.

Angered by the sting of the dart, he began looking about for something to fight. There were scattered around the arena, close to the high-board fence enclosing it, a number of *picadors* mounted on lame, halt and blindfolded *caballos*. The bull picked out a *picador*, charged full tilt at the horse and was met with a stab of the long lance the man carried. He made another lunge at the horse and this time the *picador* fell off like a toy soldier, as the horse was "done for."

White-trousered attendants—called *"sabios monos"* (wise monkeys) because they give the performers pointers—rushed to the aid of the prostrate man, while the *capeadors* distracted the bull's attention by flaunting their red capes before his eyes until, thinking they had some connection with his distress, he made a strike with his horns at the nearest cape.

The *capeadors* were dressed in *opera bouffe* costumes of gay colors—silk stockings (or maybe mercerized), knee breeches of silk (or near-silk), velvet bolero jacket embroidered with tinsel and a low-crowned black hat. The red capes which they wore into the arena were taken off, to be used in the performance. The bull was coaxed from one fluttering cape to another, just to madden him. If he pursued a *capeador* too closely, the nimble fellow capered over the fence into a passageway outside the arena, and the horns made splinters in the boards.

The poor, stupid bull could easily have dispatched the men, as they carried no weapon, but mistaking his real enemy he never seemed to regard with the least suspicion the men who waved the tantalizing capes.

After butting the fence, the infuriated bull, bellowing with rage, made for another of the raw-boned horses, sinking his horns into the poor old bag o' bones and ripping it open. Down went the horse, with the rider pinned under him. He was pulled out, mounted again on another old nag and the battle proceeded. The bull attacked another horse, goring him fearfully, but as he did not drop he was ridden around the ring until he did—and here detail is too "puffickly disgustful" for words.

With three or four horses dead or dying, the spectators had had enough of this kind and the bugle announced the *banderilleros.* These gentlemen of the jaw-breaking designation carried in each hand a wooden stick about two feet long, a *banderilla,* gayly decorated with tinsel paper, a double-pointed barb in the end like the prongs of a great fish-hook. Without means of defense, the bandy-ril-laro (that's easier) walked out in front of the bull, tempted him with the pretty sticks as you would coax a child with candy, and when the bull approached he thrust a rosetted dart into each shoulder, where they hung as if for ornament, the double points gouging into the flesh and goading the poor bleeding beast into the desired frenzy. It is "a rule of the game" that the *banderillas* must be planted while the bull is in action and *on* the shoulders, but not back of them. As the bull closes his eyes when he strikes, the skill in placing the darts is in being on the alert to know at just what instant the attack will be made and in Jack being nimble and Jack being quick

in jumping away when he's planted the stick. There were two *banderilleros* and each one placed two sets of the cruel ornaments, four hanging from each shoulder, a crimson stream flowing from each wound.

Next the bugle called the *matador,* the bright particular star of the bull-ring, to kill the tortured animal, who, though lacerated almost beyond endurance, was "still in the ring," fighting with all his diminishing strength and unfailing courage—and by this time we, who had until now held our breaths with fear for the toreadors, would have liked to see a few of them "get theirs."

The *matador* flourished his plumed hat in theatrical fashion as he bowed to the audience and the president, exhibiting as he bared his head a long queue of plaited hair wound around it. This *coleta* is a mark of honor which the toreador loses if he is ever found guilty of any offense against the ethics of the sport. If his career is above reproach, it is cut off "with a golden scissors" when he retires from the profession. Approaching the bull, he drew from its scabbard a long, keen-edged sword. In his left hand he adjusted on a short spiked stick a *muleto,* the "reg rag" of the bull-fight. Waving this, he managed to get the bull, as he followed the rag, into position for a right-handed sword thrust. It was a sensational moment—when he had succeeded in posing the bull as he wanted him, as a photographer would do, he threw his full weight on the sword, driving it to the hilt just behind the bull's horns. The bull staggered an instant and toppled over dead—"butchered to make a Roman holiday." The sickening thud was drowned in a burst of martial music and "loud and continued" applause. The audience showered cigars, silver, anything, into the ring—even their

hats and canes, which were afterward returned to the owners. When a matador is clumsy there are hisses instead of cheers, it is said, and in that case an attendant dispatches the bull with a "stroke of mercy" dealt with a *cachetero,* or short dagger.

As soon as the bull dropped, teams of mules, three abreast with traces dangling, galloped into the ring to drag out the dead horses and the bull. Men with brooms and shovels and weelbarrows cleaned up the blood-stained arena and in another few moments another fight began.

This is not a thrillling description—it was not a thrilling experience. As a matter of fact, in this attempt at description I have aided a confused memory by reference to the guide-book, which accounts for all the Spanish words. During the performance I was so intent upon getting kodak snaps that I really saw the bull-fight in minature in my little "bull's-eye," doubtless remaining in my seat longer for that reason than I should otherwise have cared to do, for things "all bluggy" do not appeal to me quite as they did to *Toddie*. Mrs. Brigham went out "early in the game." Mrs. Newhall remained only because she was rooted with horror.

Considered only as a spectacle, a bull-fight is like a great open-air grand opera, with the gay costumes, the Carmen music, the grouping of striking tableaux, the "star" who might be Campanari singing the *Canzione del Torcador*—the bull-fight being a reality instead of just a racket behind the scenes. But it is a sight no one would wish to see twice. Without doubt there is a certain brute courage displayed by the toreadors, but it *is* brute courage and the whole affair is brutal beyond words.

Many of the 20,000 seats in the great ampitheatre were vacant today and more eyes were shaded from the sun by American derby hats than by Mexican sombreros. It is said that the better class of Mexicans do not as a rule patronize the bull-fight, but there were enough of the Mexican upper-ten in evidence in today's assemblage to prove that all rules have exceptions.

The afternoon's program was not half over when we left, feeling like accessories to a cold-blooded crime. Our one impulse was flight. There were hun-

dreds of vehicles waiting for the matinèe to be over—all sorts, fine modern carriages, "hacks" of all grades, automobiles and a long line of empty street cars. We were spotted by an English-speaking chauffeur and a lively spin in a big motor-car soon put the bull-fight behind us, to leave only a "bad taste in the mouth."

We went via the Paseo de la Reforma out to the park and castle of Chapultepec, two miles from "The City." This boulevard is the Champs Elysées of Mexico, laid out at the suggestion of the "unfortunate" Carlotta (who unfortunately had no machine to drive over it in), and Sunday afternoon is the time to see it, when all the fine turnouts in the city have turned out on it.

There are great trees along either side, statues and the fragments of old aqueducts. The first statue of Columbus erected on the continent he discovered is the most notable.

From the *Paseo* there is a fine view of the two great snow-capped volcanoes, Popocatépetl and Ixtaccihuatl, the former nearly 2,000 feet higher than the highest peak of the Alps, the latter 250 feet higher than Mount Blanc and with a name two hundred and fifty times harder to speak, though its meaning is much the same. Ixtaccihuatl—"a name you all know by sight very well, which no one can speak and no one can spell"—is from the Aztec *Yztac-cihuatl*, "white woman"—the form of the mountain is supposed to be like that of a woman stretched on a bier under a white pall. Popoca-tepétl, according to an Aztec legend, was the royal lover of the "white woman"; the name means "smoky mountain," the volcano having been in a state of eruption when discovered—a state it hasn't been in for more than two centuries now. The twin peaks are

twenty miles from the city and can only be ascended on foot, so we were very well satisfied to admire them at a distance—a distance that indeed lent enchantment, for they were a beautiful sight, with their white crowns of everlasting snow looming majestically against the deep blue sky. They are considered the two finest snow peaks of North America.

The Castle of Chapultepec stands aloft on the "Hill of the Grasshopper," which is what the name signifies. The traditional (but only traditional) castle of Montezuma, the vice-regal palace for successive administrations, the home of Maximilian and Carlotta, it is today the summer residence of Porfirio Diaz and "Carmelito, the idol of Mexico"—the Mexican White House and the seat of a National Military Academy. A grand old castle it is, rambling as a visionary castle in Spain, having had many additions and improvements during its history.

Groves of old moss-draped cypress trees (*ahuehuetls*) surround the base of the hill and overhang the winding driveways that lead to the summit. Many of them were enjoying a green old age in the days of Montezuma. Among them is one called The Tree of Montezuma, which the guide pointed out and told us about, as merrily we rolled along. At the feet of this hoary old monarch of the forest the old monarch of the Aztecs is reported as having wept over defeat. We may have our doubts about the womanly way "Angry Chief" accepted defeat, but we cannot doubt the antiquity of the tree, since it measures 46 feet in circumference—but whether its great size is due to the copious watering is another question, for it is really not conspicuously larger than its fellows. The guide continued to narrate how the tears were immortalized

and became inexhaustible springs, from which the water was conveyed to Mexico City by the great aqueducts (tear ducts, maybe he said), but by this time I didn't believe much that he told. Still, his words were so mingled with the chug-chugging of the machine as it panted up the hill that perhaps I didn't understand him quite perfectly. I'll give *him* the benefit of a doubt, while I'm about it.

An American visitor finds a page of his own country's history open before him at Chapultepec—a battle monument commemorates the gallant defense of the hill by the young cadets of the Academy during the "North American Invasion," and the view from the terraces includes the battle ground of Molino del Rey and the field of Cherubusco, where were fought the "unnecessary battles" of the "unjust and unholy" war.

To a student of ancient history there are many pages to review, as imagination peoples these scenes with shades of the past—Indian warriors, Spanish conquerors, barefooted soldiers of the Cross, patriotic soldiers and invading armies—all have played their parts in the drama of Chapultepec.

Since our invasion of Chapultepec was unpremeditated, we hadn't the necessary permit from somebody or other to enter the old "palace of the kings." It is said to be very elegant, both the public salons and the private apartments of the President.

Everybody in Mexico City drives out to Chapultepec on Sunday afternoons. We were told that it was the proper thing for tourists to hire the chairs along the driveways and watch the turnouts go by. So the chauffeur was dismissed and we "lined up" with other sightseers under the trees near the band pavilion.

I've seen Derby Day parades, circuses, soldiers,

Knights Templar, Fourth o' July, Saint Patrick's, and what not, but never anything so unique as this——vehicles of every name, nature and description drove round and round and round in endless procession, repeating the circuit of the drives over and over. A shining Victoria with clanking chains and champing steeds carrying elegant silk-hatted señors and señoras of degree, whose splendid Parisian "habit" was costly as the purse could buy—sometimes rich and always gaudy—followed pompously along behind a red, blue, or yellow-flag "hack" with a load of tourists or natives, the old nags ambling along quite unconscious of any disparity between their appearance and that of the high-steppers prancing impatiently behind them—for on this occasion every horse must walk, regardless of his speed record. Even the ambitious auto has to be patient behind some sorry old Rosinante, without even having the satisfaction of honking its dissatisfaction.

And the same promiscuous mingling of high and low saunters along the walks. Victor Hugo in *Les Miserables* says, "if *errare* is human, to saunter is Parisian." I beg your pardon, Mr. Hugo, but to saunter is Mexican. And it does not take a close observer like Hugo to notice another characteristic that is Mexican, and that is the way the women paint. If to err is human, to paint is Mexican, and therein does the feminine Mexican err egregiously. She makes no pretense at nature-faking, but just frankly paints.

A real stage make-up looks strange in the streets, to say the least, but these are stage people to American eyes—the pretty Spanish señoritas, with their black tresses and lace mantillas, the humble Indian maidens in their graceful blue *rebozos,* the sandalled peasant in his gaily-striped *zarape, un lagartijo* (the dude) in

his little high-heeled shoes, tight trousers, embroidered bolero, red sash and great ponderous felt sombrero, heavy in itself and loaded with silver, all make a stage *ensemble* which, with the band playing as only a Mexican band can play, gives one the feeling that he is himself participating in some great carnival of nations.

Indeed, from the Mexican point of view, the Americanos are not the least part of the show. They eyed the "400" from the States with as much interest as we did the Mexican "400" and seemed to think our "costumes" just as strange as theirs seemed to us. Mrs. Brigham in mauve broadcloth might have been a wax figure in a window on the *Rue de la Paix* and Marion's wealth of blonde hair is very conspicuous in this land of raven locks.

In gloomy contrast to this gay scene was a funeral cortège of street cars that passed while we were waiting for a Tacubaya car back to the city. Dolores Cemetery is just beyond Chapultepec, and there seem to be funerals any time of the day, making this thoroughfare a veritable *Via Dolorosa*. A platform car painted black and capped with a cross carried the coffin on a bier and following behind, as "trailers," were two or three closed cars marked "*especiale*," carrying the mourners in this second-class funeral. In Mexico hearses are only for the rich.

We decided to have a change of menu for dinner, so at the suggestion of Mr. Brown we took a change of venue to the Sanz—we could at least eat there, if their rooms *were* all engaged. And blessed is he who recommended the Sanz—he is hereby tendered our grateful thanks, tied up with ribbon and offered on a tray of filigree silver. We dined sumptuously—all but

one. He wasn't hungry, after all that lunch. The rest of us had "table d'hote all round," but Mr. Namelessforevermore ordered ice cream and sauterine! he scorned to look upon the wine when it was red, like ours.

After dinner we of the weaker sex were politely handed into a carriage and the driver received an order to deliver us at the Palacio, prepaid. But it came to pass—to that pass—that we walked home after all, for the driver, who had lately resigned from the "water wagon," seemed to have lost his compass, and when Mrs. Newhall (who has the map of Mexico photographed on her eyelids so she can see it with her eyes closed and in the dark) discovered that this tipsy individual was contentedly jogging *away* from the Palacio, she paradoxically called him up short and then called him down in broken Spanish -but for once words failed her and it ended in our walking several more blocks than the original distance from Sanz to Palacio.

While waiting for our wandering sprites to return from their walk we beguiled a half hour in Mrs. Brigham's room admiring the wall paper (!), then I came to my room and, after exercising my Spanish for the benefit of a maid whom I believe knows nothing of the language, I have exercised my pencil till I have writer's cramp. And as my wanderer has returned, *buenas noches.*

Hotel Palacio.
Feb. 19.

The English-reading residents of Mexico City were informed this morning through the press that Mr. Brown's in town, also that he's a prominent banker of

Chicago. It also appears that one Mr. Bringum has brung his family and a party of friends to Mexico, that Mr. and Mrs. Newhall are taking an "outing" (they *are* such shut-ins!), and that Miss Marion Wellworth was regarded as well worth bringing. Yesterday's bull-fight was reported as a good one, seven bulls and five horses having been numbered with the slain after the battle. Some American tourists were referred to as having been absorbed with photographs during the performance. All this we read while at breakfast at the Palacio.

We ladies knew by this time just where to go shopping, so leaving our señors to shift for themselves, we made a dash for the big *joyeria* we had seen—which is Spanish for jewelry store. We looked at diamonds the size of the Koh-I-Noor, examined opals and turquoise with the air of connoisseurs—and bought a spoon, which the salesman handed me as politely as if it were a joyeria forever to wait upon such good customers.

The streets in Mexico City have a new name for each block. If it happens that they run out of names, as will sometimes occur in the best regulated families or cities, they number the blocks first, second, third—as "la San Francisco," etc. The *Calle San Francisco* is the State street of Mexico, extending from the Alameda to the Plaza Mayor. It, like many of the streets, is so called from the church of that name which fronts upon it. These sometimes make rather shocking names for general use—for instance, what would we think in Chicago if someone should ask, "Where shall I go for the Love of God?" or, "Where 'bouts is the Holy Ghost?" But one would simply be referring to the *Calle Amor de Dios, Espiritu Santu*, or something equally saintly.

All the streets not named for churches have names that mean something. *Calle Cinco de Mayo* means the fifth of May—the date of a battle fought not in this street, as one might suppose, but at Puebla. The *Calle de Revillagigedo* was named in honor of Don Juan Vicente de Guemes Pacheco de Padilla, Conde de Revillagigedo, a viceroy who won fame not only for his collection of immediate jewels of the soul, but for the good work he did in improving the streets of the city. Would he had lived in Glencoe! Before his règime Mexico City had fitful sidewalks and spasmodic pavements, as we do. Just to illustrate the peremptory methods of this "terrible man with the terrible name," it is said that one night, finding that this particular *calle* was a "blind alley" ending in a cluster of hovels, he ordered that a wide street be opened in time for him to pass through it on his way to mass next morning! And it was done.

A stranger could do nothing here without a map. Mrs. Newhall, having studied hers so religiously (and it is good pious reading) we have chosen her our official (I might say our spiritual and temporal) guide. We have also constituted her our official interpreter, for she has discovered that to speak Spanish like a native one need only to add *idad, cria* or *o* to the English word. A milliner's establishment is a *bonneteria,* a porter a *portero,* a society is a *sociedad.* With a little practice in fitting on the best-sounding suffix and weaving the words together with a fetching little coo in one's most dulcet tones, one has Spanish "on the tip of the tongue."

To be sure, in most of the stores patronized by Americans there are English-speaking salesmen, but

even then a little cooing does no harm, and Mrs. Newhalleria has developed such a capacidad in the gentle art of persuasion that she has also been constituted our officio bargain makero. Even the guide-books say "never give the first price quoted." Of course the shop-keepers have not become "wise" and doubled their prices!

At some of the stores prices are "in plain figures" and no deviations therefrom are made—this for the benefit of American visitors. But deviations are the rule in our favorite shop, a place called "The Hole in the Wall"—for what reason nobody knows, unless possibly the wall itself—and not being a *Midsummer Night's Dream* kind of a wall it cannot explain. Certain it is that the only "crannied holes or chinks" in that wall are a common door and two ordinary windows "to blink through with mine eyne."

Once inside that "Hole," one almost has to be drowned out like a gopher, so distracting is the place. It is like some cave wherein old-time Spanish pirates secreted their spoil, and a thirst for plunder overcomes the most righteous soul who enters there. The Hole is filled with everything Mexican—blankets and scarfs, silver, pottery, drawnwork and jewels, Spanish laces and antiques and curios and relics from every place under the sun; and under the tables and shelves are heaps of dusty old brasses and copper and all sorts of contraptions which customers are permitted—nay, expected—to haul out, clean off with their hankerchiefs or gloves and buy at (in the end) their own price. To be sure, in the beginning the dealer wouldn't touch a *centavo* less any more than the purchaser would give

a cent more, but the end is understood from the first by both parties to the transaction.

"It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he hath gone his way, then he boasteth."

It is fun to see how fast one can make money by spending it in Mexico—you buy something for sixty cents and give the salesman a five-dollar gold piece; he gives back nine big silver dollars and a handful of small change. It is like the miracle of the loaves and fishes. But that is only when you have gold, for an American silver dollar is only worth ninety cents "Mex." But even then an accommodating salesman will "call it a dollar" (having allowed for the discount in fixing his prices) and you will pay for a "two-dollar Mex." purchase with one of Uncle Sam's dollars. We have become so accustomed to dividing by two in our minds that if someone speaks of his weight, we instinctively ask, "150 Mex.?"

We met our men-folks at the Sanz for luncheon and sampled some of the Mexican fruit. One of the waiters wrote for me (in a most legible and graceful hand) the names of some, which he also pronounced for us—the *chirimollo,* which looks like a little green watermelon and has a mushy pulp and the flavor of raspberries; the *granadito,* a little egg-shaped, orange-skinned fruit with an interior like a pomegranite—both very delicious.

We spent the afternoon speeding in an automobile and seeing the city. Speeding, by the way, is speeding in Mexico, and if you are foolish enough to get in front of a "benzine wagon" it is *your* fault and the merry chug-chug is "not liable." And, by the way, you'd better keep off the railroads, too, for if you get

in the way of a train you may find yourself defendant in an action for trespass—supposing, of course, the incident terminates in your favor.

When our men drove up to the curb at the Hole, we noticed a careworn expression on the usually cheerful countenance of Fra Benjamin—something was surely amiss, but what? It seems he had been trying to raise the wherewithal to pay for Florocio's drawnwork and turquoise and copper on some worthless paper known as travelers' cheques, which he had been assured could be converted into gold anywhere at any time. But not being an alchemist nor yet possessing the touch of Midas he was forced to try another kind of touch—and touching is a habit to which he is not addicted. We all began to sing, *"A-i-n'-t* it funny, when-you *look* for money, all you *get*-am sy-ym-pathy?"

But the "400" had not only sympathy, but "money to burn," or to lend (which is sometimes the same thing), and he soon cheered up and was as rich as a steel "magnet"—to quote our youngest.

The first place we visited was the Thieves' Market, in the shadow of the National Palace, so-called because it was once a rendezvous for lawless characters and the place where they disposed of their stolen goods. There was originally a building there which was a pawnshop, called "The House of Inexhaustible Treasure," but nowadays the place is a market consisting of booths made of matting or old sheet iron or anything handy, and the inexhaustible treasure has degenerated into an inexhaustible collection of junk which a self-respecting thief would scorn to touch. It is a sort of open-air rummage sale mostly of hardware—old saws and "modern instances" of mechanical genius in the way of

burglars' kits and rat-traps. There are antiques, valuable or not, and curios which are at least curious. There are old books, old pictures (leastwise they pass as such), old brasses, old dishes, old furniture. Occasionally there is a rare "find," but for the most part the

merchandise is not of much intrinsic value. It is said that a Mexican will steal anything—it would seem that he will also buy anything, for one cannot conceive any use for much of the stuff in the Thieves' Market. The place is well worth a visit, for it is a strange sight—

a little World's Fair village of rude booths in an inclosure framed with buildings as picturesque as those of the "White City." The people are always picturesque and at no place more so than here.

Having developed a mania for second-hand curios, we started next for the *Monte de Piedad,* which is a national pawnshop, conducted by the government, but it was closed. Why a pawn shop should be called a "Mount of Piety" I cannot say.

Mexico is a city of great wealth and of great poverty, elbowing each other. In some portions of the city the poverty, if not so picturesque, would be too loathsome to be interesting. We drove through some of the most squalid streets, finding an occasional historical landmark in some old building forgetting its yesterdays as it stands surrounded by the miserable hovels of the "civilization" of to-day.

A national medical college, still called The Inquisition, was one of these, and something of its history was given to us in snatches from the front seat as we passed what appeared to be a very old church. Here were held the deliberations of the Tribunal of the Inquisition, an institution that originated with the good "Saint" Dominick in 1570 and continued a reign of terror till suppressed in 1813. This great Christian Tribunal had but one charge—heresy; but one verdict —guilty; but one punishment—death by fire. In this building poor wretches falling under the ban of the church were tried and condemned to be fried, the actual sacrifice (*auto de fè*) taking place on a stone platform in what is now the Alameda. I find in the guide-book that there was another burning place "for minor crimes like murder and highway robbery" at another place. One feels like making caustic remarks

about these good old days of religious zeal till one happens to think of his own country's history of the corresponding period—of the heathenish way our colonists whipped and branded and be-eared and be-nosed and otherwise snubbed the Quakers, and hung poor old women for being too bewitching and a few other little minor crimes—then the dweller in a house of crystal feels like keeping his caustic remarks to himself. And at least the Spanish "colonists" in Mexico were all this time building churches and maintaining missions to convert the Indians.

By the time we had heard the story of the *auto de fè* and declared it a burning shame, we were a mile beyond the place, scooting along in our auto de gasoline, and had reached the historic old causeway leading out to Gaudalupe, passing little shrines and little pulque joints that were hobnobbing together in the most neighborly way, and donkeys and people ditto, the donkeys laden with everything marketable—coops of live chickens, panniers of wood, baskets of vegetables.

At the time of The Conquest, when Tenochtitlan was a Mexican Venice, these old causeways, "two spears' length in width," connected the city with the main land. Over these roads came Cortez with his army, and the thrilling horror of Waterloo was identical with the disaster that occurred in the fiercely repelled attack by the Spaniards, many of whose men and horses fell through broken bridges that spanned the gaps in the causeway, many were being thus cut off from retreat.

In after years these old *Calzadas* were improved, and one of the two leading northward was made a *pasco* for religious processions, with the stations of the cross at intervals. This is now the right-of-way of the

Vera Cruz railway. It was along the other that we went in our very modern vehicle. I wonder what Cortez would think of a "Mercedes" of to-day!

Along this road were great pepper trees, with graceful drooping boughs and scarlet pendants—off in the distance the white volcanoes—and two and a half miles from the city was the sanctuary we had come to visit, the church of Our Lady of Guadalupe. This is the "national shrine" of Mexico, built in obedience to divine command, according to a legend in which the Mexican people so entirely believe that it has become the principal article of faith in their religion.

Briefly (and though I must refer to the guide-book, I will avoid following the text as much as possible) the tradition is of the miraculous appearance of the Holy Virgin to a pious Indian, Juan Diego. This poor Indian, whose "untutored mind" saw God in clouds and heard him in the wind (as some poet says), saw a vision of the "Queen of Heaven" in the mountain of Tepeyacac one morning in December, 1531. Knowing he was on his way to mass (the good Indians were not all dead ones then), the lady of the vision asked Juan to tell his bishop that she wished him to build a church on the spot upon which she then appeared. The Indian delivered the message, but the bishop thought it was too visionary. Juan returned, found the lady waiting, was bidden to come to the same place on the following day, did so and was sent again to the incredulous bishop with the same message. This time, impressed with the earnestness and persistence of Diego, the bishop listened—still, not being quite satisfied with the truth of the story (coming from an Indian), he demanded proof of the reality of the vision, secretly sending two of his servants to "shadow" the

man. But lo! the poor Indian became invisible and his meeting with the vision could not be reported. When he told the lady of his bishop's continued lack of faith, she promised to meet Juan the next day, with a token for the bishop. When Juan reached home he found an uncle heap sick with *cocolixtli*—symptoms very alarming. The next day, so swift was this dread disease, it was believed the patient could not recover, and fearing he would die unconfessed Juan decided to give up his appointment, the sooner to fetch a priest. To avoid meeting the vision he took a different way to Tlaltelolco —but she appeared just the same, and insisting that the uncle was well, bade Juan go again to the bishop. (There is a good deal of repetition in this story.) However, to vary the monotony, this time the messenger was told to gather some flowers, as the desired token for the bishop, and at that moment some beautiful roses bloomed in the barren rocks—December 12th. "With trembling fingers" Juan picked them, putting them into his *tilma,* a cloak made from fibre of the maguey. When the wonderful roses were dropped at the feet of the astonished bishop, a life-sized portrait of the lady was found photographed in beautiful colors on the *tilma.* Of course the bishop was at last convinced. When the Indian returned home he found his uncle had recovered his normal temperature and pulse at the precise moment that he had been declared well—and he lived happily ever after.

The story of the miracle spread, the people believed and within two weeks a chapel was built on the spot where the vision first appeared, and the sacred *tilma* was enshrined therein. Here Juan Diego was afterward buried beneath the original altar.

Now, it may be that in my effort to avoid the possi-

ble charge of plagiarism I have written my version (or perversion) of the story in too light a vein. It really has not been my intention to discredit it. "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." To me this "wonder" is not in the least incredible, for we must believe that to the great Infinity that created a universe in which our solar system is but an incident "all things are possible." Still, it occurs to my finite mind that the building of this temple might have been expedited had the vision appeared to the bishop directly, omitting the Indian—or why not have caused the *church,* instead of just flowers, to spring from the rocks? And the vision might have appeared above the altar to be worshiped instead of her picture—but anyway she didn't.

However, far be it from me to repudiate what greater men have accepted. For the miracle has the "sanction" of Rome, the feast of the 12th of December having been established by Pope Benedict XIV in 1754. At that time the "Mother of the Mexicans" had been worshipped for more than two centuries, but it was not until after her power was believed to have overcome a siege of *matlanzahuatl* (an ancient affectation of the word "plague") that she was officially proclaimed Patroness and Protectress of New Spain.

During all this time the sacred *tilma* has been preserved first in one church and then another on the same spot, except for a brief period when it was taken to Mexico City as a protection during an inundation. The present great temple was dedicated in 1709, but only completed in 1896. It is of white stone, its most interesting exterior feature being reliefs in sculpture above the main entrance, descriptive of the story of the miracle. The interior is a lavish display of decoration, a

deep blue vaulted roof, studded with big gilded stars, being very striking. The walls are covered with paintings representing the various scenes of the miracle. There are priceless silver railings and the magnificent high altar of Carara marble contains in a frame the treasured *tilma.* Over this is a crown of jewels of fabulous value, each separate jewel (and it is said there are more gems than there are stars in the firmament—not meaning the above-mentioned blue sky) having been contributed by the women of Mexico in individual gifts. The workmanship alone is said to have cost thirty thousand dollars (Mex., I suppose). This crown was placed over the tilma only ten years ago, which is substantial evidence that the belief in the legend continues.

Though the *tilma* has now been preserved for nearly four hundred years, it still retains its color and it is claimed that experts who have examined it have declared that it was not painted in any known vehicle and that it was not printed by any known process.*

There were groups of people scattered through the church, bowed in adoration before the beloved image: solitary figures knelt at the different shrines, others were passing in and out, some bearing lighted candles and making signs on their own foreheads and on those of their companions. Priests were hearing confessions from kneeling penitents, two to a priest in one case, one on each side of the confessional box. Put together,

[*Charles F. Lummis says of "the famous myth of the Virgin of Guadalupe": "It sprang from a comedy written by Antonio Valeriano, for the representation of which the Indian Marcos painted upon a blanket what is now the 'miraculous image.' The episode is a magnificent type of the origin and spread of primitive hero-myths."]

their doubled troubles *ought* to have been sufficiently interesting to keep him awake.

There is a cluster of chapels and convents around the big basilica. Up on a hill, on the spot where the roses bloomed, is the *Capella del Cerrito* ("chapel of the little hill"). To this we did not go, owing to a lack of energy on the part of some of us. On the spot hallowed by the last appearance of the Virgin a spring of water gushed from the rocks. Over this fountain is the circular tile-domed *Capella del Pocito* ("chapel of the well"). The well is in an ante-room of the chapel and is covered with a grating of wrought iron, to which is attached a box with a slot, into which you can drop something if you feel disposed. And if you feel indisposed you can drink of the healing water, which is believed to be a panacea for all human ills—and said to be "brackish." It was "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," like rinsing water, and the rust-covered cup that hung in the well was deeply, darkly, beautifully suggestive of the unrinsed Diegos continually taking the cure, so as none of us were suffering with *cocolixtli* or *matlanzahuatl*, or even plain thirst (except after righteousness—and sightseeing), we passed out into the chapel, where a most extraordinary collection of pictures and painted images suggested (unintentionally) the comic side of the life of San Diego. Then we passed out again into the ante-room *del Pocito*, where a most extraordinary collection of post cards, paper weights and rosaries suggested (unintentionally) the teaching of the gospel in regard to the purging of temples—the overthrowing of the "tables of the moneychangers and the seats of them that sold"—post cards?

I sincerely hope my frivolous comments do not make

me appear as remaining to scoff where I should come to pray—really, my bump of veneration is well developed, but I should be a Pharisee and a hypocrite instead of the truthful scribe I am if I pretended to feel awe for things that only belittle a Deity whose power and glory are forever and ever.

However, it's bad enough to be descriptively dragged to church, without being forced to listen to a poor sermon, so let us leave the church and join the groups of people in the plaza outside.

And here is where the color-love of the Mexican people runs riot. Everywhere were the typical scenes which make such fine studies for a painter—venders of *tortillas, frijoles* and *tamales,* sugar-cane sticks (which the Mexicans chew), and all the strange native fruits and vegetables had their commodities spread out in little heaps on matting, sometimes under awnings, sometimes only sheltered from the sun by a wall. My enthusiasm for the picturesque is always at par, but such pictures as these would make a clam enthuse.

There were booths where women sat surrounded by the primitive pottery, feeding their babies at the primitive font of nature. There were groups of women squatting around a rude sort of grill, cooking something you could buy if you were tempted; others frying some unwholesome looking cakes on most unsanitary griddles. Grouped against the soft gray tones of the stone buildings, they formed pictures that just begged for palette and canvas. I didn't even have my camera along.

We have not attempted any of the cookery which we are continually urged to try—perhaps the Mexican delicacies are like the singed cat, "better'n they look." All I can say is that their looks are "agin 'em." I know

what some of them are made of—guess I know beans—that's *frijoles*. *Tortillas* are loaves of unleavened bread made of ground corn. *Tamales*, 'most everybody knows, are chicken-meat, corn, tomato catsup and the Spanish *rodier pimientos* boiled in corn-husks previously padded with corn-meal mush. *Chili con carnè* is chilli with meat.

Near the group of churches are many sloppy pulque shops. It is certainly true in Mexico that "wherever God erects a house of prayer" the devil "always builds a chapel" in the form of a *pulqueria* there—"for the debbil's always lurkin' 'round just to catch the kind that never hasn't nothin' else to do." A glimpse into a doorway is disgusting—half-drunken women quarreling over the cup that cheers not but inebriates, men taking the flowing bowl literally and children "lurkin' 'round." Pulque is a milk-and-watery liquid that looks like koumiss and smells sour—our men were not tempted.

We peeped into the windows of a school room where a lot of funny little Indians were studying their lessons, with one black-eyed youngster perched up in front on the dunce stool. I suppose the poor little kid couldn't mention the Mexican rulers in their order—Xolotl, Nopaltzin, Quinatzin, Tecotlalla, Ixlilochtli, Netzahuatcoyotl, Nezhualpilla, Cacamatzin, Cuitcuitcatzin, Coanacotzin, and so on. Or perhaps he missed spelling some little word like Tetlepanquetzaltzin—no wonder Cortez thought it best to hang that last fellow! It is perfectly plain why young Americans are not taught much Mexican history. English is compulsory in Mexican schools. It's well for our boys and girls that Uncle Sam doesn't care to return the compliment! About all we learned of Mexico in school

was when it was discovered and about the boundary quarrel with Uncle Sam—the war which was "settled" by the document signed in this very place, the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo.

We bought some little pieces of the pottery made in Guadalupe—each district in Mexico has a different variety, some with better glaze than others, some of more durable quality, some of more artistic shape or decoration. It is used by the poorer class of people for all household purposes, and the best is very cheap. I bought some pieces at the "Hole" which we greatly admired for their quaint shapes and queer colors and designs, the most expensive not being more than seventy-five cents "Mex."—half that in our money. A very much prized *olla* was thirty-five "Mex."

The feature of Mexico City that strikes a foreigner most forcibly is the primitive life going on in so great a metropolis. The character of the country accounts easily for the lack of advancement in the rural districts, but to see people existing in aboriginal simplicity within a stone's throw of the most modern elegance is incomprehensible. The mass of native Mexicans live in no greater comfort than in the old tribal or even prehistoric times. Yet in the midst of this condition are the ancient remains of magnificent achievements in building and in arts and crafts—structures made while our forefathers were building log cabins, filled with treasures of the most skillful workmanship. One naturally asks, Why did Christianity prosper in our part of the continent and not here? And it seems as if the answer to the question would justify the subjugation rather than the "civilization" of the Indian. Still, from the point of view of the natives, perhaps they are as well off in their present

condition of poverty and ignorance as they would be in the condition of extermination at present enjoyed by most of the northern tribes! And after all, what's the odds so long as you're happy? Their wants are few—if their little is enough, they are as rich as their betters and freer from care. And we must not forget that from the ranks of the native Mexican Indians have risen many able and scholarly men, one "shining example" at present occupying the presidential chair. And what would we think of Sitting Bull, for instance, a-sitting in such a seat!

During our whirl around the city we stopped at several dry goods emporiums that were strictly of the people, by the people and for the people. Our guide, who had heard us express a yearning for *zarapes,* thought he could buy them to advantage for us in these places, where the merchants had not learned to "do" the American. This quest for bargains gave us some interesting bits of interiors that we should not otherwise have seen, but we weren't looking for that grade of blankets. So to the better shops in the *portales* around the Zocolo Mrs. Newhall and I wended our way after the long ride, and while the rest were resting at the hotel, we dazzled our eyes with literal heaps of gorgeous colors, and after seeing multitudes of prismatic sins and bales and bales of things of beauty we eventually found something that satisfied our philharmonic souls and a "deal" was negotiated.

I came to my room and like the good little Curly Locks that I am not, sat on a cushion and sewed a fine seam, thereby closing up a gap in my skirt, made by a nail I met at the bull-fight. Then as a reward of my industry I "feasted on strawberries, sugar and cream." We dined at the Sanz and the berries—well, God

doubtless might have made better but He doubtless never did. They were very different from the half-ripe February berries of Chicago markets.

During the walk back to the Palacio we passed several notable buildings with which we have become familiar in our frequent passings to and fro between our divided headquarters.

One of these is the old church of San Francisco, which is all that remains of the old monastery of Santa Brigida, the most important of the missions which laid the foundation of the Catholic religion in New Spain. From this convent missionaries went to all parts of the country and the work of the monastery was closely connected with the political history of the country. At one time there were seven different churches constituting the mission, and the order was possessed of great wealth. But all that remains today is the old buildings with the solid front of sclupture, on 1st San Francisco street.

The interior has been despoiled of all its treasures, until aside from its tombs, it is only "a horror of whitewash and desolation." Cortez gave the land on which the church was built and provided the building fund. Here he heard mass from the altar under which his bones were afterward entombed—for a while. He seemed to have felt it in his bones that there would be strife over his mortuary remains, and sure enough he was buried in all six times. In his will he directed that if he died in Spain his body should after ten years be taken to Mexico. This was done, but there was no rest for the wicked in Mexico. His first grave in the land he conquered was in Texcoco, where he stayed seventy-two years. Then he lay a-mouldering in this Church of San Francisco one hundred and sixty-five years,

was preserved in a mausoleum in the Church of years, was preserved in a mousoleum in the Church of Jesus Nazareno thirty years and hidden from the revolutionists in some secret spot in the same church a few years more, till at last they secretly shipped him off to Italy and interred him for the sixth time—let us hope he requiescats *in pace* at last. Whatever eventful life he led, he has certainly had an eventful after life. That last was not spoken of the soul.

The first Emperor of Mexico, Iturbide, is still buried in this church. Here Carlotta prayed. Since 1860 the church has been a Protestant cathedral, the property has been divided, streets opened through it and at present a livery stable occupies the old refectory and the Hotel Jardin occupies the infirmary and lodging house.

The Iturbide Hotel, so called because it was occupied as a palace during that Emperor's brief reign, was also built on lands that once belonged to the convent of Santa Brigida. Since 1855 it has been the best and is today the best known hotel in Mexico. It is one of the finest old buildings, its patio opening on four streets, the front one being 1st San Francisco. A venerable-looking structure it is, massive and with old carving in the stone. The coat of arms of Iturbide is over the door and an atmosphere of past grandeur is felt when one steps inside the great portal. We have used the passage ways frequently as a short cut to the "Hole" in Ganté street.

Another early eighteenth-century building that has attracted our attention is the famous *Casa de Azulejos,* or House of Tiles—a building covered entirely with bright colored, modern looking tiles. It is now the seat (should I say?) of the Jockey Club.

A landmark by which we find the Palacio is another old church, with a little *jardin* at the side, on the corner of 3a San Francisco and *Calle San Josè Real*—a sixteenth-century Jesuit mission called *La Profesa* for short—*La Casa Profesa de la Campañia de Jesus* is its full title.

What a city of churches this is. We were told that even the *calabozo* is an ex-church. We shall probably not visit the Calabozo if our good behavior continues.

Our young ladies have been much interested in the little casement window-balconies on the Mexican residences. They are heavily grated like a cage and perhaps it is for this reason that the custom of courting *a la* Romeo and Juliet is called "playing bear"—*haciendo del oso*, in Spanish. But, unlike the Shaksperian lovers, the Mexican "bears" are barred from the privilege of hugging. In this peculiar wooing the lover must behave like a bear a year or two, then if he can bear it that long he may call on the lady—with a chaperon present. After all, it's only a matter of education—what do you suppose the Mexican señorita would think of her sister from the States should she meet her on the street "playing bear" with her Teddy and her beau?

My bear has finished his daily box of cigars. The room is fragrant with *tobacos exquisitos*. It is a wonder we are not turned into herrings. He smokes a *negro* down here with as little effect as he feels from a "mild," up north. Says it's the air. And he smokes a "twenty-five-cent straight" *Esccpcionale* with practically no pecuniary effect—it costs seven or eight cents and smokes like sixty.

En route.
February 19.

The Brownidads were the first ones astir for once. We went out and bought films before anybody else came down. Then after scenting a few near-by restaurants we all followed the old trail to the Sanz for breakfast.

Then we ladies took our loves to the Alamo—or the Alameda, whichever you please—there is one in every town in Mexico. Then we found a phonograph hospital, for the Victor was suffering with bronchitis. Mr. Brown asked the interne in charge if he would send a specialist down to the car to examine the patient and remove the larynx or do something. Oh, they couldn't think of taking surgical instruments 'way down to the station. Well, would they get a cab and bring the invalid to the doctor? No, the expert laryngotomist was out on a case and wouldn't be in till *mañana*. Just then he came in. He was consulted. Why, most likely there was something broken and they hadn't the necessary part to replace it. Finally, when we insisted that there was probably only a little dust in the wind pipe, they agreed to "see," but it would be pretty expensive. After we had hanged the expense and expressed ourselves thoroughly on the subject of Mexican business methods, they decided to go after the machine.

A final raid on the Hole in the Wall resulted in the delivery at the Palacio of a wagon-load of pottery and brass, after which we met our señors for luncheon at the usual trysting place.

Then they took us to the Mexico School of Mines, *La Mineria*. This is one of Mexico's fine buildings,

erected in 1777, but looking very modern, with massive stone stairways leading out of the large stone-paved patio to galleries with heavy stone columns. As the exhibition rooms were closed we failed to see the fine collection of minerals it is said to contain, but we felt repaid for the visit in seeing the building.

Just outside the college are three large meteoralites that have been found in Mexico—the largest weighed 14,142 *kilos*. That "figures up" to fifteen and a half tons plus. By way of comparison, the one in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, considered very wonderful, weighs seven tons, while the one at Yale College weighs less than one ton. I am certainly glad it does not hail these big stones often—even a gentle meteoric shower would be rather unpleasant, I should think—worse than raining pitchforks.

A few drops of rain just then looked ominous and we hurriedly hailed a street car, guessing at the right direction for the National Museum, but we only rode a few blocks, for two reasons—one was we changed our minds about going to the museum, and the other because it stopped raining and the streets are much more interesting when one walks.

Finally the party divided into brethren and sisters, and while the brethren went to call on the Vice-President we sisters, drawn as by a magnet to that same old block in Gantè street, shopped till we could shop no more, but must go back to the hotel to pack up.

It had been arranged that we should all gather at the Palacio at 5:45, ready to start at once for the car for dinner. We ladies "got our clothes upon our backs—got our trunks and satchels packed"—and waited. No men—worse yet, owing to the laundry

man's unfeeling plans, not one word had yet been heard from the Ozark's missing "laundry."

Six o'clock arrived—no men, no laundry, and worst of all, no baggage-man to take the trunks to the station.

6:15—the men arrive. I am unceremoniously bundled into the carriage in which the men arrive, together with my spouse, three suit-cases, an overcoat, an umbrella, a basket of crockery, a water jug, the talking machine box and its big brass horn, and my hand bag. We drove off looking like the night before Christmas, Santa Claus disguised in a big sombrero and *zarape*.

We called at The Sanz for the last mail and there added to our equipment a bundle of violets made up into a huge nosegay as big as a washtub. Then on to the Buena Vista station at a lively trot.

Arriving there, nobody knew where to take us to the car and, this being the Central and not the *Nacional* where we had come in, we had no idea where to look. There was no one about who could speak English, so we couldn't ask and of course we had no tickets to show for enlightenment—and nobody was looking for enlightment if we had. With the small impedimenta before enumerated we could not rush hither and thither and dodge the gate man and all that; and it being pitch dark we could only see the length of our noses into the yards—and our noses are not the de Bergerac kind.

Well, it was decided to anchor me in the waiting room to the three suit-cases, the overcoat, the umbrella, the basket of crockery, the water jug, the talking machine and the big megaphone, the nosegay and my handbag—why *didn't* I bring a bird cage or a

baby?—and I was left to ruminate over the situation while the spouse, the only useful article in my collection, went to investigate.

There was an interminable wait, during which my neck took on a spiral form in my ceaseless effort to keep my eyes on the chattels and the thievish-looking people all at once. In the meantime I accosted anybody and everybody who looked at me, hoping somebody, by chance, would understand—but nobody did. But all things come to them that wait. I was beginning to think I would take the big horn and shout for English-speaking Help! when finally the spouse returned in the wake of the biggest, blackest, smilingest, most adorable porter I ever saw, who talked our blessed English and knew the railroad yards from track A to track Z.

With the aid of a posse of Mexicans, each armed with a chattel, we finally struck our car like an avalanche, making Frank and Oliver wonder, no doubt, if we hadn't left something. But we hadn't—excepting a little something for that angel darkey.

After a while in came tumbling the others; and such a tale of woe was never told with such peals of laughter. They had waited and waited and waited for the laundry boy, likewise for the express wagon. Finally the boy, with a leisureliness that was reminiscent of bridal processions trying not to get ahead of the march, brought a parcel of clothes. Not a garment had the Ozarks ever worn or ever would wear. So back he must go to the laundry. This time there must be no mistake—time was precious and so were clothes, for Mrs. Ozark's wardrobe is limited, as we have explained. So she must go along to identify her *lingerie* —and Mrs. Brigham would go along to help.

They were conducted to the rear of the building and up some stairs to a sort of roof back-yard. Here a divinity of the tubs, a *lavendera* of high degree, robed in long trailing breadths of crimson plush, received them in truly *Palacial* style. Not being in just the mood for court ceremonies, they demanded and proceeded to search for the lost garments, and they fished first in this tub and then in that till they found the shirtwaist that had been misplaced, the white vest and all the rest nestling closely in the suds. Poor Mrs. Ozark—with first her trunk lost and then to have the rest of her clothes *in soak!*

It would wring tears from a mummy; but not from that placid, plush-upholstered goddess in red. She wouldn't even wring the clothes, so the ladies wrung them out and, with a basketful of the precious linen twisted up in soggy rolls, they returned to the office.

Here they found Mr. Ozark trying to swear and Mr. Brigham trying desperately to raise *el diablo* or somebody who would deign to handle the trunks that were still waiting for the expressman. Of course, none of those Palace noblemen could so demean themselves—and why should they fret about a loitering expressman?

When the wagon did at last arrive, those elegant personages watched their guests help the man to load the trunks and were staring after them as they piled the ladies into a carriage in something of the same hasty manner they had used with the trunks, jumped in after them and dashed off.

In order to make sure that the expressman did not, upon reflection, decide to wait till *mañana* to deliver the trunks, they made their driver follow close behind and they finally all pulled up at the station in time and,

after seeing the baggage put aboard the train, they all came falling into the car in hysterical exhaustion.

We left The City at eight o'clock. Mrs. Newhall has metamorphosed the *400* into a laundry dry-room. Unblushing bifurcated garments and various ghost-like draperies startle our eyes and clammy cuffs and collars lurk in unexpected corners.

She has just reported her umbrella forgotten and her slippers stolen! Verily, from her that hath not shall be taken away even that which she hath!

En route.
February 20.

"Brite and fare," as the Real Boy says in the Real Diary.

The day's sights began with a picture of Santa Maria—not a madonna, but a poverty-stricken little pueblo in the state of Jalisco. Nobody was up to take the picture—"'tis pity, 'tis," said I, and forthwith routed my sleeping spouse from the opposite section, convinced him that he could aim a "finder" and click a trigger if he could shoot ducks and loons the way he tells about and in response to his "Just as I am?" answered, "without one plea"—so off he went. Presently some one, not the Victor this time, sang out "Who's dat knockin' at ma do'? Who's dat, I should like to know?" and who indeed but a blue pyjama-clad gentleman of chest-fallen mien was "a-knockin' with so much vim" for some one to come and let him in—for he was too flustrated to remember that private cars have door-bells and porters, with the astonished eyes of Santa Maria staring holes in the blue stripes.

We are speeding northward at a good lively *tempo*—

about *allegro,* as indicated by the metronome—as I call the speedometer. We passed through Querètaro, famous for its opals and its history, during the "wee short hours ayont the twal," also Irapuato, that mouth-watering place where strawberries ripen every day in the year.

When Brownidad (we call it the other way round at home) was in Querètaro in '96 he was not so fortunate as to have any nice warm pyjamas along—they hadn't been occidentalized as yet. And I remember a startling red and yellow flannel shirt he brought home and the story he told of the trouble he had to get it, finally obtaining the garment by pointing out the words "woolen," "shirt" and "night" in a Spanish-English phrase book. Even at that, "night" in connection with a shirt meant nothing to the Mexican shop-keeper.

My recollections of Querètaro also include a box of December roses sent me from there and a doleful-looking but very funny letter in black-bordered stationery (the hotel proprietress being in mourning), telling of a visit to the place where Maximilian was shot. Of course there is nothing mirthful about that incident, but there was a fun-loving friend along on that visit and a chance acquaitance from "Oshkosh" who "couldn't see it," and the combination was decidedly humorous.

At Agua Calientes, where the train stopped for breakfast, we held an impromptu auction of drawn-work, opals and horse-hair baskets and toy sombreros from the back platform, the bidders occupying the platform. It is said that all the inhabitants of Calientes who are not at home making drawn-work are at the station selling it and they find a ready and a steady market, for many people, like ourselves, wish they

had more by the time they are started north, and many who are posted wait to buy it there at their own price.

It was a lively twenty minutes, as the Mexicans crowded close along the railroad holding up their most tempting pieces for a hurried examination. A picture of it would look like a clothes-line full of linen, with knuckles for clothes-pins and only the eager eyes of the owners visible above their white squares. When the conductor called "*vamanos!*" and the train pulled out, there was a frantic making of change, the buyers and sellers not able to exchange a word except "yes" and "no" and "dollars" and "cents."

While this was goinig on on one side of the train, the Mexican passengers were acting as greedy about breakfast on the opposite side. There were tables spread with hot dishes and something was steaming in great earthen jugs which would be standing in state in the halls of the "400" if they could be got there, and the *chili con carne* and *frijoles* were being served directly from the manufacturers to the consumers. We are neither hungry enough nor courageous enough to taste the Mexican dishes.

Agua Calientes is, as its name indicates, a place of hot water. The guide-book states (wrongfully) that the open baths may be seen from the station and that the natives may be seen bathing therein in broad daylight, "with no other protection than the blue sky of heaven and the republic of Mexico." The book also states (truthfully, corroborated by Mr. Brown) that certain baths are named after the twelve disciples and that over the door of each bath house is the name of an apostle and his temperature. Mr. B., of course, always patronized St. Paul, his patron saint.

Although perfectly flat, the city of hot water has an

elevation of 6,179 feet, and has a most salubrious climate, which, with the springs and other attractions, makes it a favorite health resort. The town lies back of a grove of trees across a level space of some distance. A toy street car drawn by one small mule was waiting for whoever came on the train to take the baths, but was rewarded by only one or two passengers.

Besides drawn-work, one of the best grades of

pottery is made in Calientes—and the worst grade of opals, as we had plenty of evidence. Those we ladies bought in "The City" by the karat instead of by the quart were opals.

From Agua Calientes there was a steady up-grade all the forenoon, through a good agricultural country, becoming more rocky as we reached the mountains. The train wound in curve after curve around the rough hillsides, passing almost directly over many

ore-reduction works. This region was once one of the greatest mining districts in the world. Tons of the precious metal have come from the treasure-vaults of these hills, but the old bonanza mines are no longer worked, the ore being down to too much water to be taken out by mule power, and the scarcity of fuel makes other power impracticable.

Higher and higher the engine climbed, till an altitude of a mile and a half was reached. Then a broad panorama spread out around us—brown, barren hills, dotted here and there by white tombstone-like rocks that had once marked the boundaries of mining claims.

All at once there appeared the vision of the Holy Land which we had been promised in the guide-book—two cities with flat-topped houses and Moorish domes lay away off in the valley beyond among the brown hills—how like they were to pictures of Damascus or Bagdad! It was easy to imagine ourselves traveling the way to Jericho or over some other Bible road.

These two oriental-looking cities were Zacatècas and Guadalupe. After a little they disappeared as if they had been only a vision as we passed into some deep cut. Then after a zigzag flying through cuts and around sharp curves we came once more in sight of Zacatècas and presently reached the station.

The scene from the car was as beautiful as it was foreign—a symphony in blue and brown. The city lies encircled in the red-brown hills, up which it seems trying to climb, and the buildings are all one color, a soft terra-cotta. And, as if painted with the same brush, a bright blue streak on the side of a building, exactly the color of the sky, was the only bit of other

color in all this prevailing tone of brown. It was so harmonious an effect, so unusual and impressive, it will remain a lasting mental picture.

We stopped long enough to take some kodak pictures, but not long enough to overcome the feeling that we were looking at stereopticon views of eastern lands. Just in time for my first snap, stepping into the finder as I sprung the shutter, came a veritable little Jerusalem donkey, pannier-laden like those we see in Bible illustrations.

The quaint old city lies under the shadow of a peculiarly shaped hill, *Cerro de la Bufa*, popularly supposed to mean the "hill of the buffalo." *Bufa* is a Biscayan word and really means "pig's bladder," and certainly the hill looks much more like a bladder than

a buffalo. Just discernible in the distance on the crest of this hill was a cross, which caps a little chapel to which for two hundred years suffering pilgrims have crawled on their knees over a rough, steep path hedged with bristling thorns, to do penance.

Zacatècas means "place where grows the grass." The valley in which it lies is fertile and grass grows—an uncommon thing in this country. The city is as old as the hills around—races have come and gone, prosperity has come and gone, in its day. Once a busy

center of wealth, it is only a deserted town in our day, full of relics of times gone by—for the industry that gave it life is no more.

Four miles from Zacatècas is Guadalupe, the sister city in the vision, not visible from Zacatècas but connected with it by a "gravity" railroad. I learn from Mr. Brown, who once dropped into town via the gravity, that it is the force of gravity which takes the car down hill that gave the name to the system. A serio-comic little donkey pulls the car back to Zacatècas—he alone sees the real gravity of the situation, for to him it is decidedly uphill business.

Without meaning to present my modest other half in the character of the human encyclopedia usually found in tales of travel, I am going to leave a space here to insert part of a letter I have at home, describing his arrival in this city ten years ago, because his experience was so unlike that of a private-car trip. He was traveling with a friend who has since journeyed to "the undiscover'd country from whose bourn no traveller returns," and Zacatécas was their first stopping place in Mexico. Here will follow Paul's epistle.

["We arrived here at 12 o'clock Friday night, in company with two traveling salesmen (a Frenchman and a Jew) whose acquaintance we made coming down. The railroad station is about a mile and a half from the town, but we saw a mule-car apparently waiting for us, so we climbed in and presently four Mexicans climbed in after us and the car started. The Mexicans gazed at us as steadily as we did at them, and if they are travelers away from home (which they certainly are not) they are now writing to their wives about the *Americanos* as I am writing to you about them. They belonged to the lower class, which includes 11,800,000 of the 12,000,000 people of Mexico, and wore as few articles of clothing as I should think the law would allow—though I

am not making a study of the laws of Mexico. The aforesaid articles considered as essential were trousers, blanket and sombrero. In this not altogether delightful company we rode to the town and through streets so narrow that we could almost touch the houses on either side from the car windows. I say 'houses'—one-story adobe huts, rather.

"Finally the car stopped and we fell out and found ourselves within about three feet of a two-story wall of adobe, painted white. In the center of the wall was a great double door built of heavy planks like a barn-door and strongly braced. The Frenchman (who has been here often) picked up a cobblestone from the paving in the street, and with this primitive knocker pounded on the door. After he had almost battered the door down, it opened a little way and a sleepy Mexican stuck his head out. The Mexican and the Frenchman held a very short but very animated conversation, the head disappeared, the door closed, we heard a bolt thrown into place on the inside and the Frenchman announced to us that the Central had no rooms vacant. Thereupon we climbed back into the car, which had accommodatingly been waiting, and we rode another block, then climbed off again.

"This time the Mexicans climbed off too and took our baggage, and we all proceeded by way of a narrow street paved with cobblestones and lined with buildings close to the street line and lighted by the moon, up a steep hill until our further progress was stopped by a structure very similar to that called the 'Central Hotel.' Here the Frenchman again despoiled the street of a cobblestone and made his presence known by the pounding process. Again a heavy wooden door opened, another sleepy Mexican thrust his head out and he and the Frenchman conversed, but this time the door was opened just wide enough for us to enter single file, and the party, following Messieur, marched into the Zacatecano, an old two-story building, originally an Augustinian convent, with rooms facing an open court.

"The Frenchman registered, Mr. Broat and I were assigned to 'double-room-having-two-beds-No.-44,' and I was handed an iron key about a foot long. Preceded by a Mexican clad in shirt and trousers, and followed by the aforesaid Mexicans who had accompanied us from the depot, we climbed the stairs to the gallery. The first Mexican pointed to room 44—I opened it by means of the bar of pig iron and

we entered. The 'double room' consisted of two connecting vaults with whitewashed walls and stone floors, the stones all worn hollow, many of them loose. In the corner of one cell a prison-like window, heavily iron-barred, overlooked the tops of other buildings. Each room was furnished with a single iron bedstead, a washstand, some reed-bottomed chairs, an iron pitcher and bowl and a copy of the 'regulations' printed in Spanish, French and English.

"The Mexican, who had come up with us from the office, lighted two candles, placed one on each washstand and proceeded to make up the beds with a quantity of bedding which he had brought with him. When he had finished he placed a cake of soap and two towels on each washstand and withdrew.

"All this time we were too much interested to notice the other two Mexicans, who were still standing in the room holding our grips. I finally asked them if they intended to sleep with us. Evidently thinking my question a command, they put the grips on the floor and said something which Broat said meant 'twenty-five cents.' We gave them each that amount in Mexican money, they said something including *Señor,* and went out. We then locked the door, sat down on one of the beds and wondered whether we were in a safe, a hotel, or in jail."]

North of Zacatécas the railroad follows a trail through gaps in the Sierra Madres and the train went flying from one horseshoe to another at a furious speed. During these tortuous windings around the hills I attempted a picture of the forward half of the train from the rear end, but I am afraid the speed was too great for a success.

Gaunt chimneys of old smelters were the only signs of man in these mountains. Solemn and gloomy they stand, like monuments to dead industry, bearing silent witness as they crumble and decay, of the instability of man and his works in contrast to the steadfastness of "the everlasting hills."

It was very hot by noon, and all the rest of the day we were suffocated in dust as we traveled steadily

down grade across a flat sandy desert covered with sage and cactus—a country which somebody remarked, "needed only water and good society to make it a fit place for a human being to live." With the exception of our little Leading Lady, who is of the bandbox order of creation, we are as brown and dirty and as careless of it as the Mexicans, having utterly abandoned ourselves to our fate.

There were the same little villages, where everything below the sky was of one color, the adobe huts being made of sun-dried cakes of the same soil on which they stand, red or gray as the location happens to be. The train seems to come upon these little pueblos quite unawares—no sign of life, then all at once the swarm of beggars, for "the poor always ye have with you" in Mexico, and begging is the leading industry.

Mrs. Newhall has taken up the vocation which goes with the dirt, and she does the begging herself whenever we stop. She holds out her hand appealingly and murmurs *"centavo, centavo"* with a most touching and pathetic voice, to the utter bewilderment of these people of the desert. Then she smiles and they "tumble." There is always a chorus of *"adois! adios."* when we leave the excited groups counting up their gains.

The country became more and more sterile with every mile. Someone has called the desert "the land God forgot"—I should say "forsook"—for nothing could illustrate the word "God-forsaken" like this flat, endless stretch of nothingness. Fanny gave a small urchin a potted plant today on which was a faded blossom. She had meant to throw it away, but thought one of these desert waifs might like it—like it! We

left the child hugging the poor little flower, a waif like herself, as if it had dropped from Paradise. She was at once the center of a group wondering, admiring and excited, for the desert had suddenly "blossomed as the rose."

Each little settlement seemed if possible more primitive. Instead of adobe huts, there were *jacals* built of old boards, discarded railroad ties or any wreckage

that would make a shanty, set upright like a backyard fence—"palisade," to be technical, and "chinked" with adobe. They are as comfortable and homelike as a pigsty. There are no windows in Mexican huts, and

seldom a chimney. What little fire is used is made in a charcoal pan or bakeoven.

As we journeyed further into the wilderness the people showed increasing evidence of poverty and

greater lack of water. At a little pueblo called Calero I posed a group of them, touching their shoulders in so doing. "Unclean! unclean!" was the cry, as if they were lepers. I had to sterilize my hands immediately.

On the railroad maps cities and towns appear to be thickly scattered along this route, but a "city" in larger type proves to be only the usual row of *jacals* with a corral back of them fenced with brush or a cemetery thus enclosed as a protection against *coyotls*. Fresnillo on the map is the last "city" in the Torrid Zone, coming north. But Fresnillo on the railroad, like many of the towns named on the timetables, consists entirely of the section house, and that is so small that it reminds you of the joke about the man who came to the freight station to get a chicken-coop and went off with the station in his wagon. Guterez, another large-type city on the map, is a cluster instead of a row of adobe huts, with an extra number of beggars, indicating a larger population.

Not only do Mexican towns and streets have religious (or sacrilegious) appellations, but the people seem to bear names that must have made Dowie, as Elijah, feel very much at home among them. I read "Jesus y Manuel Fernandez" above the door of the only business establishment in one small village today, and if the head of the establishment was the man under the sign his looks belie his Christian name.

The sky has been glorious today—fleecy clouds floating, the blue intense. The sun plays all sorts of tricks with our eyes. Mrs. Brigham called us to look out at a wonderful mirage, this afternoon. The wide stretch of sand was like sparkling water, and in the remote

distance trees fringing the shores of this phantom lake were reflected with the mountains at whose feet it lay. It was only a marvelous optical illusion—

—"as the magic Fata Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated
and vanished before them."

We finish every day with a beautiful sunset. This particular one ended with a vision of Heaven, nothing less. A radiance without color, except the gleaming silver that was so luminous as to suggest cherubim and seraphim and the glimmer of their wings. It was like a glimpse of some celestial realm through pearly gates. A poet could not describe it—an artist could only dream it. It is no wonder this country is called The Land of the Sun—no wonder the sun god was worshipped of old, for all the evidence of any world beyond this barren desert above which the sun, morning and evening, works wondrous miracles to dazzle the eyes of his subjects, is revealed in these glimpses of "the land that is fairer than day" which thus we can see afar.

. . . . .

Mr. Halloway, a friend of Mr. Brigham's, a passenger on the train, dined with us tonight.

Last daylight stop Torreon, "the newest town in Mexico."

State of Chihuahua.
February 22.

There was nothing but a vast expanse of sand for our purveyor of scenery to announce to their majesties, the "400," this morning, so he wound up the Victor and the classic strains of "Jasper, Don't You

Hear Me Calling, Calling You?" started a chorus of "Yes, birdies" from behind the curtains. We had passed through a hilly section of country during the night, so the party had been somewhat restless. Some slept the sleep of the just, others had too much dust. If it is true that He giveth his beloved sleep, then I am surely of the blest.

Jiminez—what a name for a town. Spanish for jiminy? No, not Jim at all, but Himinez, you must say. He was one of Hidalgo's compatriots. And, by the way, Hidalgo means "son of somebody as *is* somebody," from *higo de algo.*

Next came Chihuahua, just after breakfast. Pronounced to rhyme with bow-wow—since here is bred the only bony fido Chihuahua dog—the hairless kind that made Chihuahua famous. With his nose so sharp and his toe nails long, where, oh where can he be? There wasn't a bow-wow in sight—too early, probably.

However, the name does not mean "funny little dog" —it means the "place where things are made," not born, for this is the greatest manufacturing city in Mexico.

To us Chihuahua means "the place where travelers shave," for we have been traveling too fast lately to trust ourselves with razors, especially on our own faces. "We" is masculine in this sentence. To the passengers not of the *400* Chihuahua means a place for breakfast. The city is 999 miles from Mexico City—arid desert almost every steppe of the way. From Chihuahua to the Rio Grande there are 200 miles of what the books call "chaparral"—the most desolate country, covered sometimes with sagebrush, sometimes with the stunted, ugly varieties of cacti, and

only broken with an occasional ditch that looks like a crack in the dry soil. We crossed one of these on a temporary bridge, where a big iron structure had been destroyed in a washout. There had been a cloudburst and a sudden fall of water does great damage to bridges that are "built upon the sand." When the rain descends and the floods come and beat upon that bridge, it falls—and great is the fall of it. Stone abutments were turned endwise where the ground caved in, iron beams twisted like reeds.

With all its desolation, there is to me an ever-increasing charm in the great endless desert. With all its monotony, there is yet a continual changing, a mingled beauty and wildness, that grows always more fascinating—the wide leagues of sand, glistening like silver, the mountains that rise from it, purple or brown as they are far or near, the distant ranges that lay vaguely against the horizon in soft cloud-like softness.

"And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them."

Today we are having all these changes. Just now I am looking upon great stretches of sand-dunes, where the sparse vegetation is half buried in drifts of white sand like snow.

In some places cattle are browsing on "buffalo grass," which looks like poor picking, but is said to be very nutritious. It grows in straggly clumps that sometimes form figures or letters and so is often called "alphabet grass." I wonder if the animals make imaginary words as they eat, as the children do with alphabet soup.

Wherever there is stock there are bones bleaching in the sun. And wherever there are pools of

water along the railway there are carcasses (I was about to write it "carci") of steers recently killed by trains. There are no fences along the right-of-way in these sections and the cattle cross the track in front of trains when going to water. We run slowly through these places. When there are likely to be cattle to pay for if killed, it pays to be careful.

The water in these little pools looks like milk, it is so saturated with alkali. I suppose our dumb friends say to each other "Come on and get a soda" when they visit these fountains.

Between the bovine watering-places we make up for lost time by going at breakneck speed. It has been too rough for music—the needle goes jumping all over the record, making the most unexpected repeats and the most fearful caterwaulings, like a Chinese orchestra.

For lack of music to soothe our savage breasts we have the most deadly combats in "flinch." Friendship ceases and there is no flinching about getting the best of each other. The losers are made to wipe off the table, to signify that their antagonists have "wiped the floor" with them, for somebody has to dust between each deal. It was the duster for mine today, but Thursday always was my unlucky day.

Whoever is not engaged in this absorbing amusement (what a word!) is reading "The Clansman." Every member of the family is "just looking it over" unless everybody else is busy. In that case, with conscience at ease, he or she is trying to finish it while nobody else wants it. It certainly is a compliment to Mr. Dixon.

With these exciting diversions we manage to dispose of "the long, tedious days crossing the desert."

My goodness, each one is so full of interest it is gone before it is well begun, as someone remarked. "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle," and one feels like a shuttle, flying across the world so fast.

The train is packed with Mexicans, three to a seat, in first, second and third-class cars. They all have oranges, which they eat without ceasing. Some of them have lunches along, but the most of them dined *al fresco,* there being tables "spread on the lawn," so to speak, at Moctezuma, to which the nimble and

hungry Mex. made a running procession, Indian file —"first come first served" being the watchword.

Meanwhile I took the opportunity to photograph at close range the most pretentious of the little "pigsty" *jacals* of which the city of Moctezuma consists. The people were all assisting at the lawn fete except one white pig, which I snapped before he escaped into the "sty."

This is Washington's birthday and we celebrated with a chicken pie that would have been a credit to Mt. Vernon's best cook. We dined in the afternoon, it being a holiday, under a canopy of red, white and blue made of two great flags. Now, how did it happen that there were flags in the car?

El Paso.
9 p. m.

We reached the old town of Paso del Norte, now called Ciudad Jaurez, at about seven o'clock, crossed the Rio Bravo del Norte, now called Rio Grande, and came into Uncle Sam's dominion at El Paso with our national colors displayed in most patriotic fashion. When the emigrant officer came aboard to inspect the ship to see if there were any Chinese concealed, he was so impressed with the flag decoration that he remarked that people so conspicuously patriotic were above suspicion, and politely withdrew. Then came the health officer to see if we had any germs concealed, and he was so impressed with Mrs. Newhalleria and Mrs. Brownidad that he remarked that people so conspicuously healthy were above suspicion, and he politely withdrew. Then the customs officer appeared, to see if we had any contrabrand goods concealed, and he was so impressed with the open display of Mrs.

Brigham's brass candlesticks and pans that he remarked that people so conspicuously brazen were above suspicion, and *he* politely withdrew. Uncle Sam has men of rare discrimination on the border.

However, let me insert a word of advice to prospective travelers in Mexico who might not meet with such unsuspecting suspectors. Besides your wearing apparel our government allows souvenirs to the extent of one hundred dollars, free. (No cigars included.) If you should wish to bring home more than that amount in gifts for friends without paying duty, they must be either zarapes, hoop poles, skeletons, sauer kraut, bologna or joss sticks. Since good zarapes are expensive, and so many families have skeletons, and hoop poles are so clumsy to carry, and sauer kraut, though fine, is so easy to obtain at any delicatessen, and bologna is a little *passè*, most people consider joss sticks as almost Hobson's choice. But a hundred dollars will buy a good many brass kettles and earthen jugs—all you'll probably want to carry.

We are back in our ain countree but not homeward bound. It is necessary to cross the border to make railroad connections for our last Mexican destination, Black Mountain—that wonderful plum-pudding of which we all own a little slice—in the extreme northwestern corner of Mexico.

This evening we formed an agreeable impression of El Paso from the up-to-date ice-creamery we discovered and from the very up-to-date people we watched dancing in the ballroom of a prominent hotel.

The men are out transferring baggage to another road and arranging to leave some of it here in storage till our return on the way home. We are to spend the night in our own hostelry in the yards. We have

become so accustomed to the rumble of trains that it disturbs us no more than the customary snore beside us at home—the screeching of locomotives is as unheeded as the striking of the clock on the mantel, the clanging of bells makes no more impression than the morning call-bell. If we hear it we just think "ye-es!" and doze off again.

Arizona.
February 23.

It was announced last night that only the early birds could catch their trunks for a hurried exchange of plumage before leaving the said trunks at El Paso, and with the usual luck of the early worm I most wished I hadn't been so smart when I found myself unexpectedly detained on the car steps and three whole breadths of that ill-fated black taffeta trailing in my wake. The greedy "Mex." who purloined the rubber floor-covering from the platform neglected to take the tacks.

As ye rip so shall ye sew—but with my characteristic cabbage-patch philosophy I am consoling myself with the thought that in this land of animated ragbags we are eminently respectable though we look our darndest—so I have darned the torn skirt once more, and who cares whether the hem is fagotted on or properly stitched.

From El Paso we started west on an all-day race with the sun over the "Sunset Route," flying along with the indicator on the speedometer hesitating between sixty and seventy all day.

We are like the woman who began her dinner in the State of Rhode Island, had a course or two in the State of Connecticut and finished in a State of Indi-

gestion—for we had fruit in Texas and cereal in New Mexico this morning. We recrossed the Rio Grande during the change of courses, but not into Mexico. The *rio* at that point is not the renowned dividing line between the sister republics, the United States of America and *los Estados Unidos de Mejico.*

It happened again a few hours later that we began luncheon in New Mexico and used finger-bowls in Arizona, according to a sign-post to that effect on the boundary line. This reads like the account of a wedding tour I once read in which the happy couple were described as breakfasting here, lunching there and dining yonder, as if they were wholly occupied with meals—but it is a little unusual to change states with one's plates, so we may be excused this time.

For the first time on the trip we are placed in the forward part of the train today, thereby missing much dust, but also missing our little "front piazza." However, there is little to see in this lonely, silent wilderness. For miles and miles there have been no human habitations—no sign of man or beast, for in all the length and breadth of this vast ocean of sand there is not enough water to make a mud pie. Such far-reaching distance we have not seen before, for here there are no mountains. It is like a great ball-room floor, so hard is the crust of sand.

Deming, New Mexico, one of the few cities on the "Sunset Route," is a strange looking place—not a tree in sight for what seemed like a million miles. Instead, the houses are scattered through a grove of windmills, of the lank, unpicturesque American type. They looked liked a lot of electric fans whirling to keep the town cool. And they surely must have a hot time of it in the old town with no shade but that of

the whispering windmills—for living or dying, they must take their ease under the windmills, not under the trees.

> "How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
> A youth of labor with an age of ease."

How blest is he who in his age of ease in these shady bowers can recall the happy hours when toil remitting lent its turn to play and all the village train, from labor free, led up their sports beneath the spreading windmills!

I can't help thinking of the mute, inglorious Miltons and Bryants and Longfellows that may perchance be born in Deming to die unknown and unsung for want of inspiration, and I thank my lucky star for letting me be born in the land of the tree. How a poetic soul would shrivel on a diet of sky and sand and windmills! For under no tall ancestral tree in this pleasant land are poets born; mothers aren't rocking the dreamland tree, for there are no trees in this land forlorn. "Rock-a-bye baby, up in the tree, when the bough breaks the cradle will fall," and "bending twigs t' incline the tree" mean in Deming just nothing at all. In the shade of the old apple tree they know no pleasure of mossy bed—neither the joy of a hollow tree with liberty and a crust of bread. No lover beneath yon crimson tree to list'ning maid doth breathe his flame; not even under the bamboo tree sing they "we lak-a-both the same." Beneath the oak, that shady old tree, they know not how they'd like to spoon; no owl up in the sycamore tree says, "Woo Sue!" as he hides from the moon. For the wedding day no orange tree am a-bloomin' on de sandy shore; no man sits under his own fig tree, no bonnie brier

beside his door. Nor under the spreading chestnut tree does the smith begin his work at dawn; he can not come to the sunset tree when his day of toil is past and gone. They say not "O woodman, spare that tree!" at the foot of yonder nodding beech; and "flourishing like a green bay tree" is a meaningless figure of speech. They dream not under the greenwood tree; 'neath no rugged elm or yew tree's shade or any other kind of a tree can they even be "forever laid."

I could jingle these rhymes all day, but I don't want to harp on the subject. So I'll hang my harp on a willow tree, for they that brought me captive to this desolation require of me mirth—yea, even a game of flinch.

The evening of the same day.

At Benson we finished the race with the sun, Old Sol still having an hour to shine.

Connection was made at Benson with the Sonora Railroad and we are once more headed south for Mexico. For want of exercise we had a dance after dinner—an impromptu sort of reel, to the tune of "Monnie Musk," played on real fiddles in the "Strathspey Medley."

We are due at Nogales at nine, where Mrs. Brigham expects to find another Mrs. B. waiting, to go on to Magdalena in the *400*—the wife of one of the Black Mountain "Jack Horners."

Cerro Prieto.
February 24.

Nine o'clock came, but not Nogales. At that hour we were stalled a few miles north of there with a disabled engine. We expected every moment to

move on, but finally we ladies retired, leaving the gentlemen to do the honors in case Mrs. B. should be still waiting at Nogales.

What followed I repeat from what I gathered of a fragmentary conversation between two very sleepy gentlemen this morning.

The engine was patched up sufficiently to haul the train into Nogales, where it could be laid off for fur-further repairs. When we arrived there—about midnight—nobody was waiting for us, not even the train with which we expected to connect.

It seems that there is a law in Mexico whereby a railroad company is fined fifty dollars if a mail train does not start on time, and this conductor being ever mindful what it cost to break the law, had departed according to schedule.

When passengers coming down from "the States" are willing to make up a purse to pay this fine, they wire ahead and the conductor tarries. But of this simple method of adjusting matters nobody happened to have been informed.

And great was the wailing and gnashing of teeth when these facts became known. For, besides a whole train load of greater or lesser disappointments, there was a baseball team on board with a lot of "fans," billed to play an important game to-day at Hermosillo, and the mishap meant a twenty-four-hour stopover, which of course prevented the ball game.

Now there is nothing insurmountable in a problem of railroad manipulation to Mr. Brigham, and as he did not feel inclined to submit quiescently to being tied up a day in Nogales with that alluring mine so near and yet so far, he determined to find some way to

get to Magdalena. So, accompanied by Mr. Brown, he started out to see what he could do.

The first individual they encountered was a small boy "about so high," who ought to have been a-bed at such an hour. He asked them in English where they expected to stay? Well, certainly not in Nogales if there was an engine to be hired to go to Magdalena. With the air of a man of affairs, this small ways and means committee announced that he reckoned he could fix them up some way; and, proceeding to take the strangers in tow, he led them into the station to confer with the train dispatcher.

This gentleman was not, however, of the obliging type. There was no extra engine, there would be none along before morning, and the one just in could not be made fit for the trip before *mañana*. Mr. Brigham asked where he could reach Mr. Naugle, the general manager of the road? He was "up in the States," a place which seemed to be as vague to him as up in a balloon.

Well, where was the superintendent? Here the small Bureau of Information could answer. "He's just left for Guaymas on that train, but you can get him by wire at Agua Zarca." Whereupon, he dictated a message to the operator. But the answer came back "gan agin—Finnigin," or words to that effect.

In the meantime Mr. Brigham had assumed a preoccupied expression, which gradually changed to one of anxiety, and ignoring the further plans of the boy and the remarks of Mr. Brown, he began writing rapidly on a pad he picked up from the operator's table. "Anything the matter down the road?" he asked the operator. "No." "I thought there was a wreck, but probably I misunderstood—they must have changed the

code since I handled the key," said Mr. Brigham, answering the inquiring look of the operator by handing him the pad on which he had been taking messages from the clicking instruments. During the next few moments he was busily engaged doing some telegraphing himself, with the result that he located the wreck south of Magdalena (out of our way) and eventually procured orders for a crew to be made up in Nogales and an engine to be had from somewhere to haul the *400* to Magdalena.

The Boy read the order, suggested some corrections, which the dispatcher obediently made, and then this resourceful little Relief Corps skirmished around and routed out an engineer, fireman and whatever else constitutes a "crew" from their various homes in the town.

Then it occurred to him that the customs inspector would have to "o. k." the car before it could cross the line. This line, by the way, is the principal street in the town.

He escorted the strangers to the inspector's quarters, where Mr. Inspector was found asleep on the floor, wrapped in his blanket. But now it developed that in so irregular a piece of business as this, it would be necessary to have a permit from the chief inspector and, after taking his weary charges to an "open all night" place where they could fortify the inner man, he left them to recuperate while he fetched the officer.

The description of this café was such a jumble of unfamiliar words that I shall not try to repeat it. But I gathered that the place was a rendezvous for a variety of Mexican and border "types" who were playing games of the nature of which our men were quite

ignorant. They had coffee and sandwiches by way of refreshment.

Meanwhile, the little Relief and Aid Society found the chief inspector; a cursory examination of our effects took place under our unconscious (and let us hope inaudible) noses, our passport was signed and at last we reached Magdalena at about daybreak, most of us in blissful ignorance of the way we got there.

Mr. Brigham says that Boy ought to be made president of that road.

We awoke in Magdalena, and lo! the time of the singing of birds was come. The feathery choirs were practicing their Easter carols in the feathery green trees. And such a treat were the green trees, after that treeless yesterday! They were greener in Magdalena than they had been even further south—the shimmery green of spring. No wonder they call this climate "eternal spring." It was such a morning as Browning describes, when the year's at the spring, the day's at morn, morning's at seven, the lark's on the wing, God's in his heaven and all's right with the world! We all fell in love at once and forever with green, balmy, bird-haunted Magdalena.

We lost no time in getting out to enjoy it all, and found first of all a pretty stream tumbling and frolicking under the trees. This little stream is so respectfully regarded in Mexico as to be called a river, the Rio Magdalena. And it is so respectfully regarded by our practical Americans as to be called excellent water power, and they have shown their respect by building, as a temple in its honor, a great big mill to manufacture electricity. This power, in its turn, will be transmitted across the mountains to operate the machinery in the Black Mountain mining works.

In spite of their having been up all night, the two busy B.'s were all business. The first thing was to inspect the new plant, in which the last of the machinery is being installed. So we descended in a body upon the works, and these experts began their inspection. First they turned on some current and proceeded to try the relative phase relation of the alternating circuits of a couple of the lightning machines, to see if they were sure to run synchronously, noting the quick responsiveness to control and the instant drop in the compensator, corresponding—as it should—to the ohmic drop in the line. Then they threw on the rotary converters, which allow the possibility of throwing the machines in multiple, and found that an extra shunt transformer was needed to properly connect the bus bars with the multiple disc. Noticing, with their acute mechanical sense, that one of the volt meters skipped a watt every little while, they tried the effect of cutting out the potential sneak current. They looked over the tachometers to see if they were properly 'tached to the gearing of the rotary shafts, commenting favorably upon the improvement which the new detachable point with the inflexible end fitting the spindle afforded over the old method, acting as it does as a safeguard; they readjusted some bushings and listened carefully to the working of the noiseless anti-hum buzzers; looked into the loricated conduits and switched on the solenoid-controlled switches; and especially remarked the merits of the 670 h. p. turbo generators. They tested the three-point motor-supports (which are of chromatic alembic steel), and having finally ascertained that the starting rheostats were in order and properly calibrated (calling each other's attention to the way the ammeter, by using a steel-point suspension, altogether

does away with torsion), they made a final short circuit around the air-cooled building and with one more suggestion to the foreman in regard to the best manner of connecting up the 200-ampere fixed-terminal kicking coils (which are 1,000 horse power), they complimented him upon the success of his labors and themselves upon having had the perspicacity to choose the jump-spark-ignition principle for the system, and then these men "of infinite-resource-and-sagacity" declared themselves well pleased with their inspection of the plant, which fulfills their wildest dreams.

And we ladies kept a tight grip on the gravity clutch!

In all seriousness Mr. Brigham asked me if I didn't think things were in fine shape. I frankly admitted that I was hardly more than a push-button electrician, but that the machinery did seem to be functioning admirably. Often a wise answer turneth away suspicion.

Then someone announced that the "rigs" were waiting to take us to the mine, the visit which was the principal object of the trip to Mexico. The "rigs" were a ramshackle stage-coach hitched to five very small and exceedingly shaggy burros (to put the cart first) and a two-seated democrat wagon with a team of correspondingly democratic horses.

We three ladies and Mr. Newhall chose the stage, the two Mr. B.'s voted for the democrat and invited the young ladies to go with them; and off we started.

We drove first to the post office, which is one of a row of little abode blocks in a narrow, typically Mexican street. The city of Magdalena numbers four thousand souls. It is a noted Mecca for pilgrims from both republics who come each year on the fourth of

October to pray to an image of San Francisco which is enshrined in the parish church. They travel for miles on their knees, we were told, so very sacred is the image. There is, of course, a story about it of some miracle, but I know it not.

We alighted and looked into the church, but a service was in progress and the place was filled to the very doorsills with kneeling worshippers, so of course we gave up the quest of the holy image. The church is quaint and Spanish and old, and faces a pretty park, where February roses were in bloom and oranges ripe.

I took my customary snap, reloaded the kodak and we reloaded into the "rigs." Now for the mine, as Mr. Brigham said.

In spite of a deal of bouncing, which was like the pitching of a ship in a high sea, our spirits were pitched "way up in G." The rickety old chaise creaked and groaned and seemed on the verge of prostration; we expected it would collapse like the deacon's famous "masterpiece" any moment. But wasn't it great (bump!) not to be rushing through all this (bump! thump!) on a train! Conversation was in broken English.

We're from Glencoe, therefore accustomed to bumps; but when the tonneau of your machine leaves so much to be desired in the way of padding, it's different. It would be better if we had more ballast—so Mr. Brigham came back to add his mite to our load; and our cushioning.

Coaching is always a delight, but to be near to the heart of nature in Mexico is a novel and charming experience. The country was covered with all the varieties of cacti we have seen before and many new ones, some of them in blossom. The great *saquaros,* grow-

ing sometimes sixty feet high, are most singular. Some of them look like gigantic cucumbers standing on end. Some throw out branches that grow up like fingers, making the tree look like a great bony hand.

others are multiplied till they form great branching candelabra.

The road was a zigzag trail, for there are no fenced-off, square-cornered farms to pass between. We forded many little streams, more or less navigable to stage-

coaches. Of course there are no bridges on a road that is here today and there tomorrow; for the roads change with the rivers, and they are more erratic than the Mississippi. A dry river bed which is apparently forever abandoned often becomes a seething rapids all in the twinkling of an eye, for in the wet season a rain storm following a drouth causes sudden and often disastrous inundation of all the dry channels.

Mr. and Mrs. Brigham had an exciting experience on a previous visit to Sonora during the rainy summer season, being unexpectedly overtaken by a flood. They showed us the very place, but assured us that since the dry season is between October and May we need feel no alarm.

The road followed the dry water-courses for much of the distance. Sometimes, as if the water had been

carelessly turned off at the end of the season, a little stream would be left trickling—it would run along beside us, chattering over the stony ways and babbling on the pebbles, as if glad of our company and eager to show us the road.

Sometimes we would interrupt a group of Indian women washing their clothes on the flat stones in the water. Occasionally we would meet sober little bur-

ros trudging along the road, sometimes one or two, sometimes in pack trains, pannier-laden with bundles of faggots cut from the scraggly brush of the mesquite, which we would call rubbish for bonfires. It is all the wood obtainable, and scarce at that, as the tree is only a low-growing shrub.

Little huts were here and there, the people and their donkeys abiding in close quarters—the hut and the donkey shed often shared a party wall in a fraternal spirit that said to the passer-by, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

At first it seemed awful, the way Ferdinand (our Yaqui Indian coachman) kept continually lashing with his long whip at the heads of the poor little burros. He seemed a most unrighteous man who disregardethed at least the feelings of his beasts. But it gradually appeared that they were used to the tender mercies of the wicked driver and instead of thinking them cruel, being smitten on the right cheek did they turn to him the other also. Gradually I grew to forgive Ferdinand—they *were* aggravating, for they were exceedingly lazy. They would poke along, *poco à poco ritardando,* then they would rest. United they stood, divided they went, pushing each other and pulling or not *ad libitum.* Occasionally an impulse would seize them and they would have a game of tag—then they'd rest again. Finally they took it into their long-eared heads to hold a contest to see which could go slowest and not stop, like a bicycle "slow race."

Ferdinand kept up a steady whip lashing and an even more abusive tongue lashing, but to no avail. When the rawhide descended upon their calloused flanks (raw hide also, for the hair was all worn off from overmuch smiting) they seemed to like being petted and only shook their long ears playfully. An extra sharp cut they considered only a would-be-cruel jest—it just tickled them. "You're a wag" they would say, with their tails. The most unkindest cut of all only

made them dance in glee, for this playful driver hadn't hit it yet—meaning the sensitive spot.

If Ferdinand could have understood me, I should have told him about the English cabby who, upon being told to whip up his lazy horse, replied: "I've 'it the hanimal all over 'is body except 'is left hear, and I'm savin' that for the last 'ill."

As the 'ills grew more rocky and steep the hanimals grew more tired and sleepy. The more the road inclined up the more the burros inclined down and they meandered along in their wobbly, irregular way, wherever their vagrant fancies led.

Finding the whip so utterly ineffectual, Ferdinand reached under the seat and brought forth a heavy log-chain he had been reserving for this last 'ill and began savagely to belabor the tough little animals. Like a mighty Samson (as he was) he smote them "hip and thigh." It seemed as if they would burst with such awful smites—whack!—whack!—you just expected to see them squash out of their skins like baked potatoes; but pounding them numb only made them less sensitive and more stubborn. "You may break me but you can't bend me," said their sturdy-looking backs. "Well, then, take that!" yelled Ferdinand, (I suppose) and he smote them "under the fifth rib" (under the belt, that means—in the solar plexus), trying to find a vulnerable spot. Then they did seem to feel hurt a little, and looked around reproachfully as if to say, like Balaam's ass, "What have I done unto thee, that thou hast smitten me these three times?" Then they would jog along, as absent-minded as before.

The hills grew steeper and steeper. The burros waxed meaner and meaner. When into the narrowness of their understanding it did finally percolate what

Ferdinand was driving at, they declared a strike.

At last, when the mutinous little rebels altogether refused to pull and went straggling up the cliff or down the precipice or anywhere else than straight ahead, Ferdinand burst into speech of a yet more unrighteous sound and, to the consternation of at least one of the occupants of that coach, jumped out, handed the reins to Mr. Newhall (who shared the front seat with him), and proceeded to throw rocks—not stones, but great rocks—at the obstinate little creatures.

Then away we sailed, Mr. Newhall at the helm, Ferdinand at the wheel heaving rocks, chunks of clay, torrents of language, in reckless abandon—for when their donkeyships did decide to go they stampeded around sharp walls of rock, dashing along narrow shelves to fly over the jumping-off place into the bottomless abyss that waited below!

I confess I'm a bit timid. My trembling heart first sunk into my boots and then jumped into my throat, while my trembling lips faltered "Oh, Lord, if you can't help us for goodness' sake don't help those wicked mules!"

The creaking old coach gave first a lunge to this side and then a lurch to that, as the flying wheels bowled over the rocks. I could just feel myself being dashed to smithereens.

"What if we *do* tip over? It wouldn't hurt us any," calmly announced Sister Seréno Newhall. As a theory that was undoubtedly interesting. Wouldn't hurt us any! Well, I fancy myself going bumpety-bump down a few hundred feet of jagged rocks, along with the débris of a three-seated-canopy-top stage-coach attached by a league or so of galling chains to the highly animate and kicking carcasses of five little brute burros,

in company with five other people all frantically clutching the ambient air, and with both eyes scratched out in bramble-bushes, finding myself at the end of my downfall impaled on a Spanish bayonet—and not having it hurt me any! Well, perhaps she meant I would never know what happened!

But, even so, though I would not live alway thus fettered by sin, still e'en the rapture of departing from this world of woe would (I admit) be mingled with fears if the journey began in a *downwardly* direction. And again, though these things are matters of individual taste, I have some cherished notions about my demise, and for one thing my couch would not, from choice, be a downy bed of cactus boughs. Oh death, how sharp would be thy sting! Give me instead my own delicious bed, with heavenly music, hovering angels, etc.—and above all a kindly light shining—the white light of the elevator going *up*.

However, this is irrelevant.

When we had coached fifteen miles, we stopped for a picnic luncheon, which we enjoyed under the shade of an old cypress tree—a mid-winter "Maying," warm as summer.

While we were packing up the dishes another consignment of fresh burros (as if the others were not fresh enough) was hitched to the stage and we drove off in a fashion that would have made John Gilpin, Tam O'Shanter, Paul Revere *et al.* feel like thirty cents—"Mex." It was like the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi, for we "driveth furiously." These burros were even more fiendish than their hateful little predecessors, and the road was worse than ever. Heavens, and we still had twenty-five miles of it before us!

The most exciting experience of this exciting trip was the meeting in close quarters of long wagon-trains hauling structural iron for the work at Black Mountain. These were going in the same direction as ourselves (unless they were stalled), but of course too slow, so we were obliged to pass. Some of the iron girders required a double set of wagon-trucks at each end, and there were from ten to twenty mules to a load. If one can comprehend the utter chaos produced by the indecision, stupidity, stubbornness, irresponsibility, pure cussedness and other idiosyncrasies of twenty-five mule intellects (!), each a law unto itself and all working at cross purposes, with each and every individual mule changing his feeble mind at least twice a minute, perhaps one might form some faint idea of the relief one felt when the encounter was successfully maneuvered and a few yards of straight road lay ahead.

Whenever we met one of these trains, whether a single pair of mules or a borax outfit, the drivers always smote each other's animals as they passed, quite as a matter of course, on general principles. And the

favor was always appreciated by the respective drivers and acknowledged with a courteous salutation.

Once we met the "sister" coach of this rural mail line, returning to Magdalena with a load of male passengers—"Mex." It was in a lonely spot. Both coaches stopped and Ferdinand held a conversation with the other driver in Spanish. And here is where I was brave and the usually serene Mrs. Newhall had conniptions and imperturbable Mrs. Brigham quaked. They were sure it was a hold-up. They had heard that the bloodthirsty Yaqui Indians dwelt in this state of Sonora—they remembered the recent outbreak. Ferdinand was a full-blooded Yaqui—it was an ideal spot for an ambuscade—the desperados all had guns in sight and nobody knew what concealed. Thus they reasoned. "S'pose they *do* shoot us—'why kick ye at the sacrifice?'" quoth I, quoting Scripture unconsciously. Now, *entre nous,* I am as much afraid of wild Indians and guns as of other things, but one bosom could hold no more fear than mine already contained, hitched to those impish burros; so it may be that my bravery was somewhat negative—but so may *theirs* have been about mules!

When we stopped to change mules for the final ten miles, to quote Mr. Newhall (instead of Scripture, for a change), "Mrs. Brown in her great relaxing act occupied the stage." I would gladly have given up my stage career at that moment—and when I saw that last installment of viciousness, I would have given, or at least hypothecated, my kingdom-come for any old Dobbin of a horse! This time the mules had to be corralled while you waited and blindfolded to be harnessed—good big fellows they were and after they had been fastened to the coach by strong chains and by

dint of strong muscles and stronger language, they had to be held by the muzzle, still blinded, till Ferdinand could jump into his seat.

"Vamose!" he yelled, and let out the whip. *"Vamose"* means "let us go." Up flew the heels of the off mule like the cow jumping over the moon! It was all over for me—I knew "the cañon" was to come and I knew my time was come, too.

Now, I ought to like mules. My first birthday gift was a cute little baby mule that happened to make his mulish advent into this world just a year later than I made mine. (Our characters are sometimes thought to resemble each other, I may add as a coincidence.) He was a nice little mulie, as I have implied, and I named him "Winkie." He grew up to be a useful (if unintelligent) member of muledom, while I—well, "I haven't created any wery surprisin' sensation here as yet."

This is not intended, however, to be a biographical sketch of either of us—but I mentioned Winkie because until now he was almost the only mule I ever knew—with four legs. But my kind of mules are evidently extinct. The present-day type is of a less phlegmatic and more mecurial disposition. This last specimen was of the genus "Maud" and all that was needed in the tableau as we left that last relay station was the signature "F. Opper" in the lower right-hand corner to make a comic picture for a Sunday paper. You could fairly see the scroll saying "Hee Haw!" coming out of her mouth. But I didn't see the humorsomeness of the situation at that moment.

But the man handling this particular Maud was no Old Si. He was a driver to whom Ben-Hur would

modestly have handed his laurel crown. After that first hilarious outburst of Mexican independence the obstreperous Maud, realizing the uselessness of rebellion, subsided and proved the steadiest traveler we had had, and we settled down to quite a respectable pace, so moderate that we could, between jolts, admire the scenery as we passed through it.

The road was fringed with bushes of some bright yellow flowers, as profuse and brilliant as our golden field flowers in August. Pink verbenas grew wild, peach trees were in bloom, and the great *saguaros* towered up like grotesque vegetable totem poles.

The much-dreaded cañon proved a delight, for the road was in the bottom of it most of the way and the great walls of rock made a grandly beautiful sight.

As we approached the end of the journey the road gradually wound up on the overhanging shelves of the cañon till we finally emerged from it into the center of a group of hills. The day was fading, a peaceful quiet seemed brooding over the place. Like a dusky naiad in the twilight, a Mexican woman was washing her hair in a little pool beside the way. With a last hard pull uphill we entered the strange little village of tents and miners' cabins and drew up safe and sound at the door of the rooming-house on *Cerro Prieto*, the pretty Spanish name that means "Black Mountain."

The little adobe house is used by the men of the mining company while they are in Mexico. It was turned over to the "400" and we made ourselves presentable in the little whitewashed bedrooms, neat as a convent, and supper was announced by the time we were ready.

This was served in the "eating-house" near by, on a round table, the center of which was elevated and made to revolve. On this most practical whirligig contrivance were placed the salt and pepper, sugar and cream, and all the other couples that one is continually passing. A more time-saving, labor-saving, help-yourself device was never invented.

"Hello! tea? coff?" said something behind me. A funny little Chinaman, trying to talk Melican—as impossible a feat as for the other one in the kitchen to cook Melican.

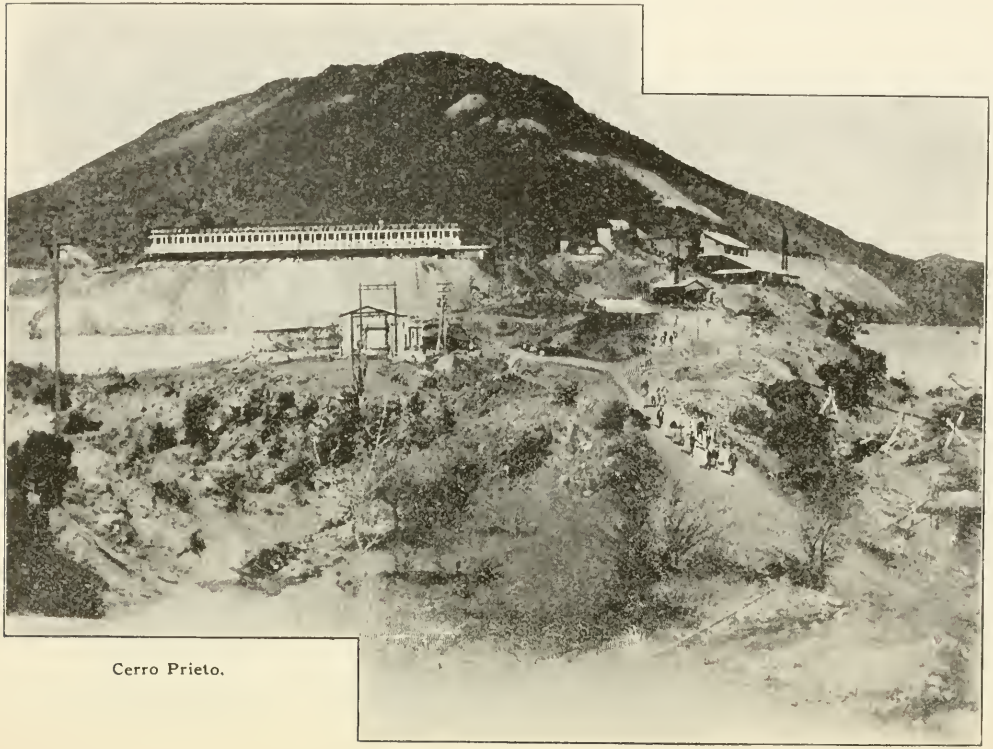
It hardly need be said that every one of the party is so tired that we are retiring early. Mrs. Newhall, Marion and I have a room together. Mrs. N. still fears Spanish brigands but must have open windows and door, so we have built a stockade of furniture and are prepared to resist a siege.

Fanny feels quite ill. She has not regained her strength since her typhoid fever in November and the sun and the long shaking up were too much for her.

I am writing by electric light, the current of which is generated in Magdalena, forty miles away. It seems very much out of place in an adobe cabin—an oil lamp of Bible times would seem more in keeping.

Cerro Prieto.
February 25.

The Cerro Prieto mining camp is on the brow of a hill, across from the big Black Mountain. The rooming-house stands on a terrace overlooking the entire mining works. There is the new unfinished stamp-mill, which has the furniture all in, waiting for the



Cerro Prieto.

house to be built around it; the cyanide plant and various mills and shops. The three tunnels at different elevations are in full view, each with its "dump" below. It is like watching a kinetoscope to sit out on the terrace and watch the people at work and the steady stream of pack animals laden with the crooked sticks of wood lazily following the crooked path up the hill to the crooked wood-pile, where a crooked little Mexican relieves them of their crooked burden and starts them on their crooked way again for another crooked load. The wood is used for fuel pending the electric power, which so far only furnishes light. It seems to take a lot of fuel, even though at present there is practically no machinery working—which accounts for the unwonted stillness in a mining camp. When the stamps are pounding night and day it is said the noise reverberates through the hills for miles.

I understand the Cerro Prieto company boasts of much that is remarkable in this mine, but to me the most wonderful part of it is that anybody had the courage to attempt what has been accomplished in the building of the "plant," since every ounce of building material and tons and tons of machinery have been brought forty miles across the hills by mules over these dreadful roads. No wonder the men of the company wear expressions like that of a new daddy with his first boy!

This is the day of rest for us, but work goes on in mining camps regardless of the fourth commandment. We have some rockers out on the terrace and are enjoying the shade and the balmy air, drawing in inspiration with every breath. I have been so inspired as to grow poetical and as my mind still runs on the

events of yesterday, I find myself composing an epic, in a style similar to Tennyson's. It is always easy to write prose, but I admit that when it comes to shaping ideas into poetry I have to use a pattern. With apologies to the ghost of the laureate, here is my poem:

Half a league up the cliff,
Half a league downward,
Along the sharp precipice
  Rode the Four Hundred.
"Forward, the Mule Brigade!
"Vamose!" the Yaqui said;
Holding their very breath
  Rode the Four Hundred.

"Forward, the Mule Brigade!"
Was there a soul dismay'd?
The reins to Ben* he threw—
  What if he blunder'd!
Theirs not to make a cry,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to wait and die.
Into the valley of Death
  Gazed the Four Hundred.

Cañon to right of them,
Cañon to left of them,
(Cactus in each of them),
  Onward they thunder'd;
Stormed at with shout and yell
Bolder the burros—well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Fearing a prickly hell,
  Rode the Four Hundred.

*Familiar address is a poet's license.
(*Ilka poet has her license--
Though nane, they say, hae I!*)

Lash'd till their hides were bare,
Lash'd as they reared in air,
Sobering the people there,
Charging like devils, while
All of us wonder'd;
Plunged along—holy smoke,
What if the harness broke!
Donkey and burro
Reel'd from the goading stroke,
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Quickly revived—but not—
Not the Four Hundred.

Whacking to right of them,
Swearing to left of them,
Stoning behind them,
Ferdinand thunder'd;
Storm'd at with rock and yell,
Over each other fell,
Burro and mule pellmell;
Thus thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them—
Weary Four Hundred.

When can that mem'ry fade?
At the escape we made
All of us wonder'd.
Fearful the charge they made,
Perish the Mule Brigade,
Live the Four Hundred!

The only trouble with this is that the gestures would be hard to make in a realistic declamation, for no human elocutionist, however acrobatic, could possibly imitate those burros without making an awful donkey of himself.

I am glad dreams go by contraries, for last night I dreamed of riding on the tail of a comet drawn by

fiery-eyed dragons, the devil driving. I told his Satanic majesty that I considered his chariot very slow, whereupon he asked me to suggest something faster. I told him to get an 1850-model Mexican stage-coach of five-mule power if he really wanted excitement. "Oh," he said, "I already possess all the burros in Mexico, but they are such wicked little brutes I'm afraid of them."

Mr. Newhall was the first of the "weary 400" to get out this morning. He climbed to the very tip-top of Black Mountain before breakfast. Nobody saw him, but we all believe it—first because we trust his veracity, second because we know his early-to-rise habits, and third because he brought a little round "devil's pincushion" from the very highest heap of dirt, and everybody knows that to find cacti in Mexico one must climb to the very apex of a mountain.

Fanny was too ill to leave her bed this morning—a sore throat and fever. The young American doctor was called to see her—a Kentuckian who reminds us of Ralph Connor's men, and I imagine Dr. Wooley has the field for his work here that Connor's heroes find "out west."

After a cup of "cof" and something else (nobody knows what except the Chinaman), we made a raid on the store for straw hats; the sun is so blinding—fine for photographs.

I took the camera and went hunting and had some mighty good sport. There were brown-skinned boys bathing in a pool down in the ravine, challenging the camera (literally, in Spanish). There were the hillsides with the mining works; the ceaseless procession of pannier donkeys; there were the little Mexican cabins and, best of all, I shot a cherub! Yes, like *Mr.*

Peter in "Cranford," who shot "a cherubim" on the highest peak of the Himalayas. A little bronze cupid—of all the captives of my bow and spear he is the prize trophy. Like Solomon in all his glory, he

"was not arrayed," as the anthem declares. The little creature tried to fly when he saw me aiming at him, but he hadn't even his wings on!

Imagine swimming in pools and posing "in the altogether" outdoors, the 25th of February!

Writing this date reminds me of Mrs. Newhall's remark when she saw the February magazines on the table in our room. With that benevolent madonna look of hers, she said: "It must be very dull for the men down here—they're even reading old magazines. We must send down the latest when we get home." When Mrs. Brigham reminded her that the February "Everybody's" was the current number, she thought she was crazy!

The fatted calf, in the shape of a little woolly lamb, was slain for the "400" to feast upon. Those who saw the pretty creature gambolling on the green hillside this morning did not care for lamb for dinner. I had not witnessed the sacrifice and, with no tender recollections to bother me, I took lamb. And now my recollections of that lamb never will be tender.

It is the custom in Mexico to kill meat as it is needed, as ice is scarce, in most places unknown. They have a peculiar method of selling meat, too. The flesh is stripped from the bones and sold by the length of the pieces instead of being cut and sold by the pound. Water is cooled for drinking by siphoning into porous jars, through which it filters, cooling in the process.

I have to-day had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Stuart, the president of the Black Mountain company, who has hitherto been a sort of will-o'-the-wisp. We followed him through the Irish bogs last summer, till I knew his signature on visitors' registers well enough to have detected a forgery.

We paid a visit to the mines during the afternoon, under the guidance of Mr. Cox, the superintendent, lighting ourselves with candles a thousand feet into the mountain in a straight horizontal tunnel. At that distance the speck of light at the mouth of the tunnel

disappeared and it seemed uncanny and the air grew close, so we ladies retraced our steps to daylight.

At the end of one of the branching tunnels was a little shrine, with a devotee praying before a wooden cross which they tell us was on the top of *Cerro Prieto* when the present owners took possession of the property. It was decorated with paper flowers, and a candle is always kept burning before it. The cross is supposed to bless the mine and the miners, who have a devotional service before it once a year on the holy day for their particular patron Saint.

Mr. Cox gave us a lot of information about ores, the principal thing I remember being that all is not gold that glisteneth. But these men of ours seem quite in their "native element" talking the language of mines and mining. I always knew that husband of mine had a logical mind, but he is developing a geological and lithological and mineralogical and mineralological one, as he concentrates it more than ever on rocks. As for Mr. Brigham, high grades of ore knowledge are running in his veins in quartz, and to judge by the outcroppings in his speech, conglomerate formations of lore are stratified in the cavities of his skull—it must be a great lode on his mind. Although you'll never find him in the dumps, even Mr. Newhall talks about how gneiss it will be when some of these sedimentary deposits of pay dirt, as they call the filthy lucre, are deposited in their pockets. We ladies are beginning to be a little refractory—they talk so much about free gold. If we were treated properly and had a few more stamps, they don't know what crushers we'd be!

The long row of stamps in the new mill looked as if they would chew up as much of the mountain as

one generation of Mexicans could feed them. Like the mills of God, these great molars grind slowly but exceeding small—I forget how many mesh. The cyanide tanks suggested Mrs. Luetgert, and we left them with a shudder.

After supper we all went down to the store to see the Mexicans do their weekly Sunday-night shopping. The store itself is a long, low building of adobe blocks—a capacious cavern inside, filled with everything ever seen in a country "general" store—which means a department store on a small scale. There were smells and all—a pungent aroma of coffee, herrings, rubber, tobacco, leather, kerosene, cheese, molasses—thoroughly American.

Mr. Cox and Mr. Whipple entertained us the rest of the evening while we surrounded a funny little drum-stove in the hall that runs through the little adobe lodge—for evenings are chilly in Mexico—even in February.

I am trying not to think about getting back to Magdalena. Oh, that I had wings like other angels!

Magdalena.
February 26.

(This shows we did get back.)

I dreamed I was *Betsy Trotwood* and woke myself shouting, "Janet!—*Donkeys!*"

Fanny was much improved and able to undertake the return trip. A covered carriage was substituted for the "democrat" and Mr. and Mrs. Brigham took her in it, the rest going in the stage. We started from Cerro Prieto early, without any very pleasant anticipations as far as one member of the party was concerned.

But if my faith in burros was small, my faith in Ferdinand had increased, having heard great tales of his skill as a driver. He is known as "Negra" by the Mexicans—Spanish for negro, from his swarthy complexion and black Indian hair.

The road was down grade instead of up, so there was less need of rock throwing and profanity. And having been over the road there was less dread of the jumping-off places, so on the whole the drive was really delightful. Some persons ascribe my peace of mind to the fact that a certain strong right arm was always ready to support my drooping form in the "she-tottered-and-would-have-fallen" crises—I shouldn't wonder. Anyway, we had the back seat.

While the first change of mules was being made at the corral where we had first seen Maud, Mr. Newhall and Mr. Brown and I tramped on ahead to a place where we had seen the largest *saguaros,* that we might take some pictures without having to stop the impetuous burros in case they should happen to be feeling frolicsome when passing that point. The two men posed as yard-sticks measuring the height of the trees, and by the time we had filled the camera with *saguaros* and our clothes with "pear" prickers the stage came whirling up in a cloud of dust. Ever seen Buffalo Bill's Deadwood stage come whizzing in?—it was like that. Guess we wouldn't have had any *saguaros* along that level strip of road if we hadn't walked. Ferdinand began stopping when we first hove in sight in the distance.

We took a last look at *Cerro Prieto* ten miles away through a gap in the hills and were beginning to think a *buena fortuna* was putting all the wagon trains in

easy places to meet when we came to the worst adventure of this kind we had had.

The road was along a narrow shelf around a square, rocky, perpendicular hillside, turning a right angle at a point where some recent repairs on the road had

heaped a bank of soft powdery earth on the outside edge. Just beyond and approaching this sharp turn was a wagon-train of long iron beams, with about twenty mules struggling desperately up hill. Of course they could not take the outer side on that un-

certain footing. There was no place for us to alight except into a herd of mules, so with our hearts in our throats, our hair on end, our faith pinned on Ferdinand, our eyes shut, we clutched each other and the canopy supports and prepared for the worst. We all gasped as we balanced on two wheels for an instant on the ridge of that mound of loose dirt, knowing one misstep on the part of one of those five erratic mules meant a toboggan slide to unknown depths of woe and cactus. We were almost too limp to smile our gratitude to Ferdinand after it was over.

We stopped again for luncheon on the old camp ground—uneedas and cheese and *cervcza* and sardines and various other kinds of package food from the store were much relished after the Chinese *cuisine* of the last two days.

It was in the group of hills surrounding this picnic place of ours that Gerónimo and his band of Apaches found a hiding place during the summer of '86, when both the American and Mexican troops were scouring the country, moving heaven and earth to capture them. The Mexicans engaged the hostile redskins in a combat near this spot shortly before Gerónimo surrendered to General Miles. Indeed, most of the Indian raids on the Mexicans were made in the State of Sonora, it being directly south of Arizona, the center of their depredations in "the states."

With the most sensible consignment of beasts of burden yet received, we made the last and easiest third of the trip, where the country was level for most of the distance and the road comparatively smooth.

There was but one memorably bad place in that part of the road, where in going the other way we had been obliged to take a leap off a perfectly per-

pendicular embankment cut by a river during high water. He had somehow managed to land right-side-up instead of turning turtle, as so many machines would have done. It was really more of a wonder how we were to scale that wall going back, but here again this particular hill-climber proved itself superior for this kind of country and we were not even spilled out.

Finally we came in sight of Magdalena and after stopping at an orange grove on the edge of town while the girls picked some of the fruit we clattered through town as gaily as we started out and landed at last at the car—this old familiar car that is so conspicuous everywhere for its unusual color. It was standing alone in all its yellow glory on the tracks near the green fairyland, like Cinderella's coach. My, didn't it "look good to all the family!"—and Frank and Oliver had had a good housecleaning while we were gone.

After we had given ourselves a good scrub we took our camp-stools out on the "verandah" and enjoyed the balmy air, and as the day waned, our last in this Land of the Sun, we felt a keen delight in watching the rosy glow fade into twilight till the new moon began to gleam in the still-tinted sky. The part of Mexico that will linger most steadfastly in my memory is the sky and its beautiful transformations.

The men are "up-town" this evening calling on the leading citizen of Magdalena—banker, capitalist, millionaire and a very pleasant gentleman withal. He came down to the car this morning.

We ladies have been treating the rest of the population to a concert—probably the first good music many of them ever heard—certainly the first grand

opera. The Mexicans are all music-lovers and these were very appreciative. One woman outstayed all the others as they one by one departed for home, listening to Sembrich and Calvé and Eames as if spellbound—it seemed a revelation to her. I dare say she will never forget the visit of the yellow car to Magdalena, and we shall not forget her rapt expression as she crouched on the car steps, drinking in the music—who knows what a soul of music may have slumbered in her breast!

Tucson, Arizona.
February 27.

After we ladies retired last night, before our husbands returned, we had a visitation, perhaps meant for a call or a serenade, from some tipsy Mexicans who had been over-imbibing pulque and who insisted upon coming in. Finally Oliver managed to convey the idea that it was time to go by saying, "*Adios, adios*" to them. He was quite proud of his Spanish when he saw how it worked.

We were once more across the border when we woke this morning. A north-bound train picked us up in Magdalena at about one a. m.

Benson was reached too late for the eastern connection planned, so we came to Tucson rather than spend the day there, for here the men could do some business and the Newhalls visit old friends.

Mr. Larsen, an agreeable and interesting young man seeking climate for his health, took luncheon with us to-day.

We reached Tucson at 12:30—an intensely hot place. Mrs. Brigham and the girls and I read and

tried to keep cool in the car, while Mr. and Mrs. Newhall and the men were away. At four the two Mr. B's returned with a carriage and we took a drive around the city, seeing many beautiful homes, all in Spanish architecture. The University of Arizona has beautiful grounds—a cactus park, with hundreds of varieties of cacti in ornamental groupings. We drove on the campus of an Indian school just as the boys were sitting down to supper—watched them say grace, through the windows. Please excuse ambiguity.

This evening we went up town to buy Indian baskets and curios at the attractive stores that we had noticed while driving, but everything closes at six in Tucson.

El Paso.
February 28.

Before we were up we were once more en route, with two engines to pull us up the heavy grades till we reached Benson. We are again in the forward part of the train, for this train has an observation car of its own.

The country is rough and barren of anything except alkali and Arizona cactus. This variety has a withered blossom on a stalk as long as a fish-pole. I believe it is one of the many members of the Yucca family—all of whom carry daggers.

The day has been pleasantly spent, but with no special incidents or new features to record. After dinner to-night we walked through eleven sleepers and sat for a change in the "observatory"—it only made us realize more fully what a different journey we should have had without our homey "private *400*."

Arrived at El Paso at 7:30. Here we found our

trunks and once more changed our apparel for a change of climate, bringing forth the winter coats and furs for the winter we shall find up north. We wait here for a late train which will pick us up before morning.

En route.
March 1.

March it certainly is—came in like a lion, too, roaring a fierce cold roar. For the first time since leaving Colorado Springs for the south we have heat in the car.

Our day's itinerary includes New Mexico, the extreme northwestern corner of Texas and the panhandle of Oklahoma. It seems as if we had been days and days on the same level space between the same blue-veiled mountains. How we shall miss their changing tints and always beautiful suggestions. Sometimes the great waste rolls away into long ranges of foot-hills that look like waves, as if the desert had once been an ocean and it had suddenly turned into sand just when the breakers were ready to dash into spray. Then for hours it will lie like a placid summer sea, reflecting the sunshine of heaven as in a mirror. To-day it is a stormy sea where winds "their revels keep."

It seemed a sea of dangers when we saw another wreck to-day—one that we should have been a part of had we made the expected connection yesterday at Benson. I'm not joking any more about the guardian angel—this is twice we have been kept from the path of danger by some destiny. A temporary track was built around the mass of twisted iron and splintered boards for us to pass—Pullmans, diner, mail car, baggage and coaches were all piled up together.

To-night the world is literally a howling wilderness. It is almost impossible to heat the car and we are going to bed trusting in Providence and a young brakeman who, because the wind blows out the rear lights faster than he can light them, is to sit inside the car to keep watch for following trains, and signal in case of danger. I hope he keeps awake. Also I hope he isn't Irish, for he might prove to be like the Irishman who refused a job on the railroad because shure, he niver could trust himsilf to wave a red flag if there was a green wan handy!

Some friends of Mr. and Mrs. Brigham from Duluth, passengers on the train, called this morning.

March 2.

The first place to-day was McPherson, Kansas. I am afraid I agree with the man who said Kansas was a good state to travel through—quick. But this is not the season to see Kansas—last year's corn shocks in wet fields are not picturesque, neither is the Kansas, or rather the typical American, farm house.

A dismal gray sky after all our bright blue sunshiny heavens is perhaps the reason we are not enthusiastic about our home coming.

Topeka early in the afternoon—then Kansas City at 3:30. We stayed in the car. I looked for old landmarks around the Union Depot. Many a time have I taken the cable up the bluff—or rather, it took me.

The only sad event in our journey occurred this afternoon. Oliver came in with the napkin rings on a tray, ceremoniously offering each his or her own. It was a breaking-home-ties episode that was very affecting.

Mr. and Mrs. Kriefgen (the Duluth people) dined with us and spent the evening. We all put on our company clothes, except Mrs. Newhall, whose company clothes are traveling by another road. She put on her company manners instead, but showed irrepressible symptoms of mischief underneath. Mr. Brownidad seemed to feel this restlessness more than the rest of us (he sits next to her) and it made him uneasy and somewhat preoccupied. But though momentarily expecting something to upset his dignity he managed to preserve an outward calm. Mr. and Mrs. Brigham were extremely entertaining—the rest of us endeavored to make a good impression and the guests were very interesting and agreeable.

After they left we did what packing we could. The train is making the most sensational speed of any part of the trip. The rear brakeman reassures us by saying that the engineer is a freight-engine driver and as the train is an "off-schedule" put on to haul some empty cars wanted in Chicago, he is seeing what he can do with a plaything like a passenger train. He also remarks that the engine is of an unpopular top-heavy style. I wonder if he is jus' kiddin'—as our kids would say.

Glencoe.
March 3.

"Nothing now is left
But a majestic memory."

It was not the fault of the cold, damp, gray morning that we felt depressed when the train pulled into the Chicago station early this morning. We were waking from a beautiful dream and none of us wanted it dispelled.

We bade good-bye to the two faithful men who added so much to our comfort and pleasure on the long journey, and to the dear old yellow car *400*.

Then the *ci devant* "400" disbanded, the men going to their offices, the ladies to old haunts on State street.

At 11:30 we ladies met again at the Northwestern station and shortly afterward found Glencoe where we left it and getting along as well as could be expected.

There is nothing more to record except a few words of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Brigham, but words can not express my deep sense of gratitude for the kindness and thoughtfulness shown by the most genial of hosts and the most gracious of hostesses. In thinking over the trip I appreciate more and more how quietly everything was managed for our comfort and happiness and begin to realize something of what it meant to arrange and manage a journey of thousands of miles in such a way that not one plan miscarried, and not one unpleasant incident occurred.

As we recall the happy, idle, care-free days we spent together, they will always remain a delightful remembrance. And when we think of that wonderful land so unlike our own to which we journeyed, we shall see visions of a land of beauty, of romance and of sunshine.

What a chain of memories springs up at the mention of that magic number, 400!

> "Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!
> Each stamps its image as the other flies."

Adios!

L'ENVOI.

"Mother, that would be punishment for 159 naughty-marks if I had written that many pages in school," said our small son, looking over my shoulder as I finished this manuscript—"and it would have to be written *swell.*"

(If the lad writes all his "naughty-mark" work "*swell,*" he'll be a great author some day—or at least an expert penman!)

My friends, I admit these pages are not, in any sense, "written swell." But if in their perusal one among you should find a tithe of the pleasure that has been mine in the writing, "the play needs no excuse."

So, with the greatest faith in your charity, I send my work to press with only this message:

> "Go, little booke, God send thee good passage,
> And specially let this be thy prayere:
> Unto them all that thee will read or hear,
> Where thou art wrong, after their help to call,
> Thee to correct, in any part or all."
>
> —*Chaucer*

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